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The Beaver

A Journal of Progress

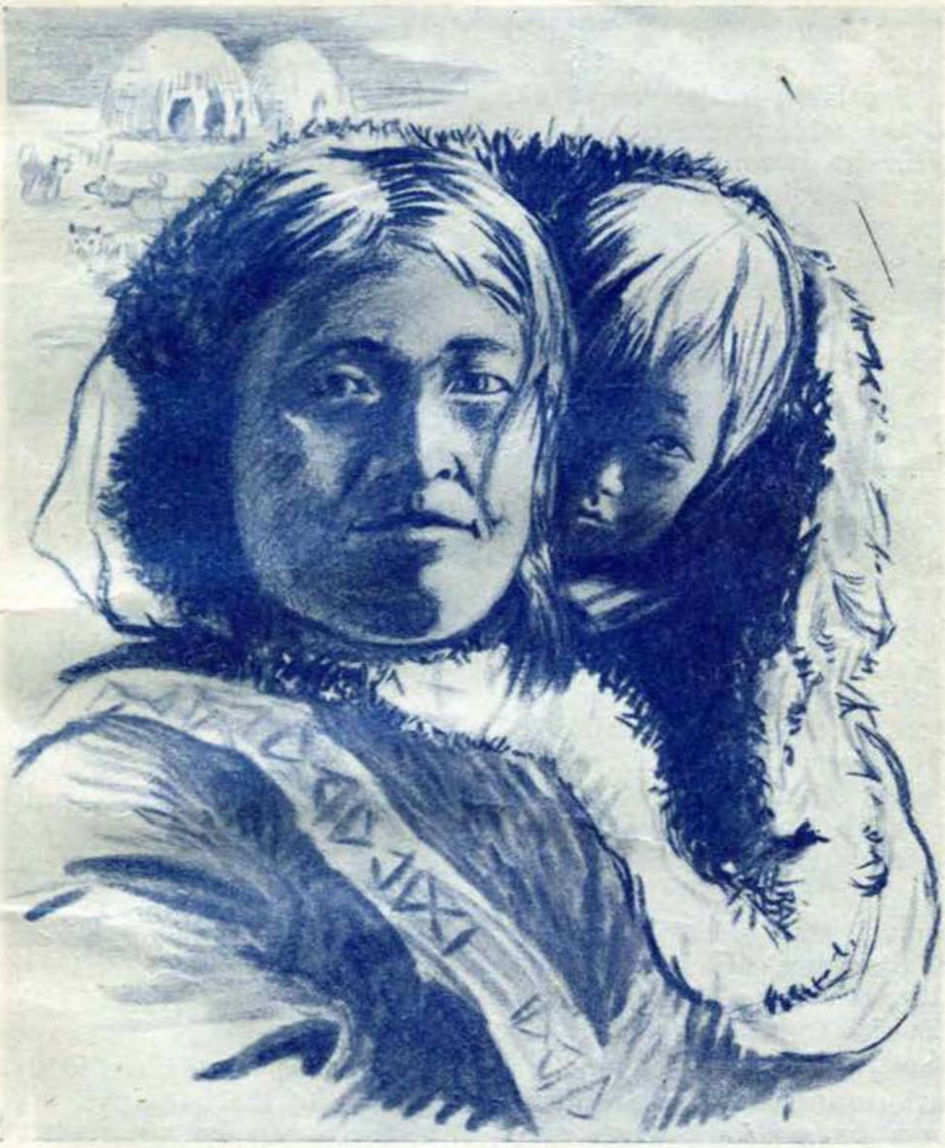


Illustration by GEORGE RAY JR., son of H. B. C. District Manager for James' Bay

THE ESKIMO MOTHER carries her infant in the large, deep hood of her hairy deerskin coat. Within the warm compass of its Arctic cocoon the child is otherwise quite naked, even in severest cold weather. The native type illustrated is that found on the west coast of Hudson Bay to the north of Fort Churchill.

Devoted to The Interests of Those Who Serve The Hudson's Bay Company

Lord Selkirk of H. B. C. Patriot and Colonizer

Sidelights on the Life of the Scottish Earl, Stockholder in the Great Company, Who Aspired to Populate Central Canada.

By RODERICK FINLAYSON, University of Manitoba

THOMAS DOUGLAS, the seventh son of the fourth Earl of Selkirk, was born at St. Mary's Isle, Kirkcudbrightshire, Scotland, in the year 1771. He had all the advantages of, and in his 28th year he became heir to the Daer estate. Considerable wealth, a social status unique in his surroundings, and a position of influence awaited through his childhood to be his servants on attaining manhood.

Selkirk was not seduced by such amenities as these to avoid the exacting school of the world. In the age of Napoleon and Wellington, the world forces that rocked humanity had too much of a terrible fascination to allow a mind such as his to be insulated by local claims.

Education and travel abroad widened his vision and quickened his sympathy. The Revolution in France, the tyranny of Napoleon, the unending trials of England, the perennial ills of Ireland, and the silent struggles of Scotland arose like a chorus from embattled humanity, and the future Earl of Daer responded to the call.

As universal study broadened his sympathy, the force of circumstances narrowed his activities. Then to Britain and to British problems alone he turned a keen-edged mind.

It is worth noting that two problems, defence and emigration, were early in the foreground of his plans. To the latter of these we must look for a badge of service whereby to distinguish him from the many. As we look now at that Britain, in the light of a century, we find these were two different angles to one of her problems—the preservation of her civilization.

Measured from visible signs of success, Selkirk failed. Yes, he fought up hill and was beaten in the end, but in his failure there comes down to us the personality of the man.

At the death of his father in 1799 he became master of the estate, and heir to the title, the Earl of Daer. In his shyness and modesty, of which at times he was bitterly conscious, in his early dreams and their expression in his articles, there is an anticipation of his North American career.

Ireland's troubles were hushed, not smoothed by the union of 1800. In Scotland, sheep farming was displacing agriculture. The consequent evictions meant a loss to the country of her best sons. The soldiers would come home from Europe unsettled. The settlers driven out would become soldiers of England's enemies. With our perspective, we may see the problem a more urgent one than Selkirk saw it, yet this was the problem he gave himself up to solve.

His idea was first applied in establishing a colony of 800 settlers from Ross-shire, Inverness and the Isle of Sky in Prince Edward Island. This was attempted by way of experiment, but its promised success heightened his enthusiasm. He was further inspired upon his visit to Canada by the industry of the settlers—their hard days and their cheerful evenings as they gathered around the camp fires to dance to the pibroch of the bagpipes.

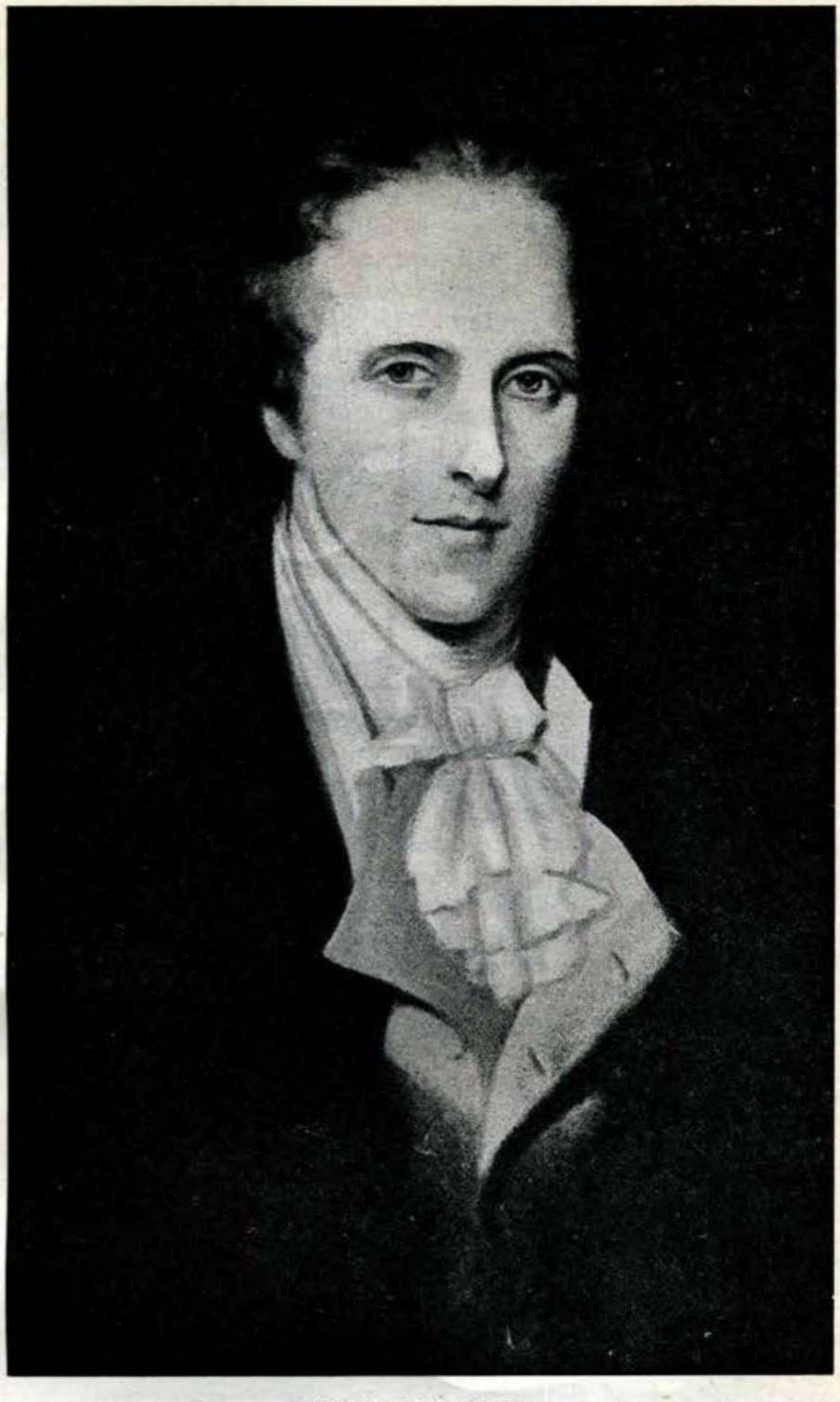
There can be no doubt that upon his travel in Canada and the United States he was impressed by the prospect of the new world. With regard to the West, the cynical indifference with which this land was treated by the British of Eastern Canada suggested itself in contrast to the enterprising interest in its future that wa already excited in the United States.

Another scheme of settlement wa launched in Baldoon—the situation c that fight is to be found the real essence of his character, and out of

our present Dover and Chatham. Her
a grant of 1200 acres, to be increase

by 200 acres for each settler, provided the field for his next efforts. This area, first peopled from Prince Edward Island, and later by Loyalists from the United States, promised at first to be more than the equal of the first, but it fell by its very position in the holocaust of border wars.

The Beaver Club in Montreal was the rallying place of the North-West traders. Here Selkirk received their genuine hospitality; the more pity that later rivalry between them and the company with which he was to be associated, should have caused them to accuse the earl of an abuse of their kindness. This visionary nobleman who had broken their bread was to be looked on by the McGillivrays, the McKenzies, the McFadyens—by all the patron saints of Northwester fur trading as one who selfishly aimed at destroying their enterprise.


LORD SELKIRK

His marriage in 1807 to Jean Wedderburn Colville, an incident in an adventurer's life, proved an epoch-making event in the life of Selkirk. Aside from the great contribution to the enterprise from the tact, skill, and patient industry of the Countess of Selkirk, it meant the union of two enterprises. The Colvilles were powerful partners in the Hudson's Bay

X. Y. Company in 1805. This merger meant that exclusive of the Hudson's Bay interests, all the fur trade of the northwest was to be controlled by a single company.

Even to the enterprising agents of the Hudson's Bay Company, colonization had not become a passion. In

Company. In 1808 Selkirk purchased shares, and was given a place in the directorate, and together with the Colvilles, became the controlling influence in the company.

The North-Westers united with the

fact this scheme of Selkirk's and Athabasca fur trading had about as much in common as agriculture and sheep raising in Scotland. The Highland settlers having forsaken the devil, were now facing the deep sea. The Red

River settlement faced united opposition in Western Canada, and received only half-hearted support from the Hudson's Bay directors in London.

In May of 1811, 116,000 square miles was granted to Selkirk by the Hudson's Bay Company. This grant comprised what are now parts of Manitoba, North Dakota and Minnesota, an area five times that of Scotland, and it stood on the pathway to Athabasca, the Eldorado of the northwest fur trade. It was what has been known as the district of Assiniboia.

Selkirk, now in England, prepared for the embarking of the first settlers, who were to sail directly to York Factory on Hudson Bay. In the heat of the Napoleonic wars, and in face of covert opposition at home, the settlers were embarked in three small vessels. A second, third and fourth contingent followed. A winter at York Factory, a pilgrimage down the Hayes river to Oxford House, thence to Lake Winnipeg, then to the forks at the junction of the Red and Assiniboine rivers, on to Fort Daer further south—these stages of voyage and travel were marked by the hardships of a severe climate, but the story brightens in the light of simple narrative collected from that time, which tells of a grim humor and a staunch character that triumphed over all.

Miles MacDonell, the Earl's faithful lieutenant, was the first governor of the colony. As he exceeded his requirements in enthusiasm, he fell short of his actual need in practical and human wisdom. He was too impetuous, too much of the moonshine optimist, too abstract and unbending, failing to give justice its human equation.

On January 8th, 1812, he read the proclamation of Selkirk's title to the land. The outstanding cause of the ensuing conflict was that opposite and irreconcilable interests were overlapping. The prophecy of the lion and the lamb was fulfilled out of turn to the embarrassment of the lamb.

Selkirk relied on his title to the land. The Company had a good title, and the title it gave to Selkirk was inde-

sidered. But legal rights to Miles MacDonell was as Calvinism to John Knox. There was no room for compromise. His first crusade against the infidel was staged in the same year. He went to Brandon House and posted a copy of the proclamation on the door of the North-Wester's fur trading house.

The fact that Selkirk's instructions to his lieutenant enjoining moderation, never reached him, was one of a few incidents that may well be counted in the play of accident. From Selkirk's area, the North-Westers exacted tons of pemmican while the settlers had to import from England. Spencer, who acted as sheriff to the settlement, seized 400 bags of this pemmican from the Nor'-Westers. Macdonell erected a battery at Fort Douglas. North-West canoes were stopped, and arms seized. The first act of the drama ended in the arrest of MacDonell, and the arrival of Governor Semple, his successor, and Colin Robertson.

The halfbreeds, whose love and loyalty to the settlement was gained by the latter protecting them against the warlike Sioux, now resented the measures adopted to enforce the charter and the embargo. Deprived of their master's provisions, they were receptive to the clever propaganda used by men like Duncan Cameron against the settlers. It must be remembered also that Hudson's Bay officials in London supported the embargo, which was declared to secure the settlement only so long as they could view it as an instrument to embarass the North-Westers.

The North-Westers, after nursing their wrath for a time, prepared for revenge. Unlike MacDonell, who acted upon motives of authority, they guided their actions by astute methods of policy. John McDonald, of Garth, organized the predatory impulses of the traders into a slow marching force, while Duncan Cameron, by subtle policy, won over as many as possible of the Indians, the halfbreeds, and even the settlers, while the McGillivrays bombarded the foreign office in London.

feasible. His position, though legally good, was empirically bad. To the popular British mind this was a "No Man's Land." There were too many human factors and frailties to be con-

The legal position of Selkirk was disputed by the open and more popular theory of competition.

In the meantime the taking and

Continued on Page 38

Overcoming Competition

THE STORY OF THE HOME-MADE WEETIGO

By P. H. GODSELL, *District Inspector, Mackenzie River*

THE spring of 1907 found me in charge of one of the remote outposts of the Company at a place called *Pepekwatooce*, situated in a trackless wilderness three hundred miles inland from the western shore of Hudson Bay and nine hundred miles from the nearest railroad. During the whole winter my sole companions had been half-breed dog drivers employed by the Company and a few scattered families of Cree Indians.

Spring having arrived, all the Indians with their squaws and families, had come in to the post, and were camped in their wigwams on a high ridge about a quarter of a mile in the rear of the fort.

The following day all the hunters were leaving for their final spring hunt, which consisted of overhauling their traps and shooting any beaver, musquash or otter they could find.

As the spring hunt was usually the best of the season, each man expected to return in the course of two weeks with a good catch of furs.

One night, about a week after the hunters had left, one of my half-breed employees, McKay by name, came rushing into my room to inform me that one of the squaws, while out cutting wood towards dusk, had seen a "devil," which had pursued her until she reached the encampment. McKay declared that the whole camp was in an uproar as a result of the woman's story.

For the benefit of the few who reading this article may not be conversant with Indian character, I should explain that Indians as a rule are very superstitious, with strong leanings towards the supernatural. They have a very firm belief in "devils," and in a kind of cannibal

been deserted, and the whole campful of women and children were assembled under the birch-bark covering of the dwelling of an old medicine man named *Piskonas*, who, although pale (relatively speaking) as the rest, was, by singing, beating on a drum, and sundry other incantations, endeavouring to keep the "devil" away.

The same thing occurred night after night, the whole camp remaining awake at night and snatching a little sleep in the daytime.

In fact so frightened were the squaws that even in daylight they would not venture into the bush for firewood, except in bands of eight or ten.

About the sixth day after the supposed appearance of the "devil," I saw the half-breed who was in charge of a fur trade post for a free trader in opposition to the Company. Between him and myself, as between all Hudson's Bay men and "free traders," a very keen rivalry existed, each of us endeavouring to obtain all the furs he could.

The free trader appeared to be as badly scared as the other Indians, and in a conversation that I had with him signified a very strong desire to leave the vicinity and take his wife, family and belongings to the centre of a small island about eight miles out in the nearby lake, where he thought he would be safe from the wiles of the "*weetigo*."

Seeing the way things were shaping, I did everything in my power to play upon his fears. Finally as he was leaving, he told me that should anything more be heard of the "*weetigo*" during the night he would carry out his intention of leaving his post and moving out into the lake without delay.

spirit, which they call a "*weetigo*." One has only to mention in the hearing of an Indian that he has seen a "*weetigo*" to turn the whole camp into a frenzy of fear.

I took a stroll over to the Indian camp, accompanied by McKay, to investigate the matter. With the exception of one wigwam, all the rest had

After the trader had left an idea occurred to me which I lost no time in putting into execution. The sun was setting and in an hour it would be dusk; so, sending for my two men, McKay and Nazie, I informed them of what I intended doing.

My plan was to work upon my rival's fears to cause him to leave his post, by

substituting a home-made "*weetigo*" for the supernatural article.

In a couple of days the hunters would probably return, and with the opposition trader away I should undoubtedly gather most of the furs.

Accordingly, announcing that we were going for a duck hunt, my half-breed companion and I embarked in a canoe, and after about an hour's paddling beached the canoe about a mile in the rear of the encampment which was hidden from view by a strip of woods skirting the lake shore. Quickly pressing through the woods we emerged into a flat swamp, plentifully covered with willow growth. It was now dark, but the conical wigwams could be seen dimly outlined against the sky about three-quarters of a mile distant. Everything in the camp was quiet.

We cut a couple of long willow sticks and secured a lantern which we had brought with us to the end of each. In the shelter of the willow bush we lighted the lamps, tying red handkerchiefs around them which caused them to emit a dull red glare.

Everything was deathly still as we hoisted the lighted lanterns overhead and gradually swung them to and fro.

Suddenly the stillness was rudely broken by an ear-splitting shriek from the direction of the camp, followed by a most awful uproar— a medley of shouts, cries, screams, and the wailing of children, with the occasional report of a muzzle-loader.

Now igniting a quantity of gunpowder, we held the lanterns side by side in the smoke. To the overwrought imaginations of the Indians on the ridge the two red lights no doubt appeared to be the blood-shot eyes of the "*weetigo*."

Suddenly the uproar subsided considerably, and we could distinctly hear the voice of a man who appeared to be as he dropped his lantern and made off for the woods, quickly followed by Nazie.

I quickly grabbed the two lanterns, dropping them in a pool in the swamp and followed the others. Just then the rifle cracked again, and a bullet whizzed over my head—far too close to be comfortable. Meanwhile I could hear the frightened cries and shouts of McKay and Nazie in the woods ahead of me; they no doubt thought that the real "devil" was after them, incensed by our mummery.

Breaking from the woods, I rushed to the beach, only to find my half-breed friends afloat and paddling for dear life. Calling to them to wait for me, I rushed waist deep into the icy cold water, and was hauled into the canoe. In the meantime the heavens had become overcast and occasional flashes of lightning dispelled the gloom. Rounding a point, there suddenly occurred a bright flash of lightning which illuminated everything, and lasted long enough for us to discern a birch bark canoe, far out in the lake, being vigorously propelled in the direction of Dog Island. I chuckled, for I had no doubt that it contained the free trader and his family.

Upon disembarking at the fort we immediately ran over to the encampment to find everybody in a state of the most extreme terror.

One young man, it appeared, upon seeing the "apparition," had uttered a shriek and immediately fainted. The camp was still in a furore when old *Piskonas,* the medicine man, returned, carrying a Winchester in his hand. Evidently it was he who had shot at us. Immediately upon arrival in camp he proceeded to recount his experiences to the band. He had, it appeared, fired two shots at the "*weetigo,*" whereupon the devil had knocked him down (sic) and fled shrieking into the bush.

addressing the women.

Presently the voice stopped and the uproar recommenced louder than ever. We still continued for a while to swing our lights in the air, intermittently moaning and shrieking as we did so.

Suddenly McKay shouted that there was someone moving in the darkness ahead. Hardly had he spoken when there was a flash, followed by the report of a rifle, and a cry from McKay

Nobody suspected us as they thought that we had left for a duck hunt, but had returned owing to the storm.

Next morning I learned that, sure enough, F——, upon the reappearance of the "devil" had immediately locked his store, transferred his wife, children and his belongings to his canoe, and with a plentiful supply of "grub" had left for Dog Island.

As night again approached, there

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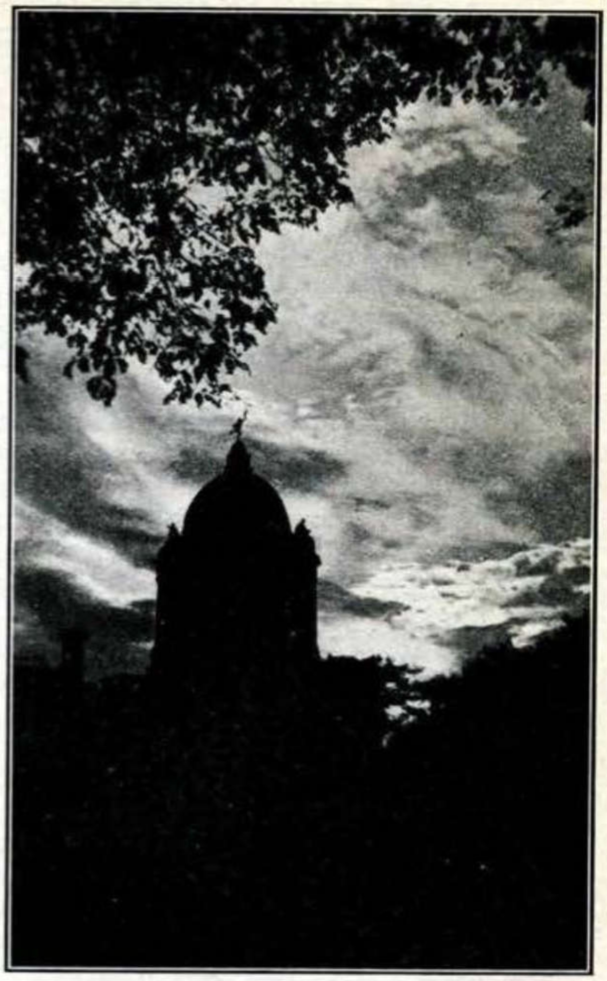
were unmistakable signs of excitement and fear amongst my Indian friends, and shortly after dusk two boys came running into my room to say that the "*weetigo*" was about again as the women had heard him.

Rising from my chair, I picked up my Winchester and, having filled the magazine with cartridges, again walked over to the camp.

Immediately the story of the "*weetigo*'s" reappearance was shouted in my ears from a dozen quarters. Thereupon I informed them that I was going to see if I could not kill the "devil" myself. Half a dozen voices immediately dinned into my ears the most approved methods of dealing with "*weetigos*." With my rifle under my arm, I strolled down the trail in the direction from which the latest sounds were supposed to have come. Penetrating for some distance into the woods, I stood awhile and waited. Then uttering one or two piercing shrieks, I commenced firing my rifle, as quickly as I could eject the exploded cartridges. Thus I discharged ten or twelve rounds of ammunition into the air, accompanying the shots with blood curdling yells.

Having emptied the magazine, I slowly retraced my steps to the camp, whence I could hear yells and cries of fright. Arriving inside the circle of light thrown out by a fire kindled in the middle of the camp I was assailed with questions.

In reply I informed them that I had had an encounter with the "*weetigo*" and had rendered him *hors de combat*; that the shrieks they had heard were emitted by the demon as I pumped lead into him.



MANITOBA PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS with the tower and dome thrown out in relief by a summer sunset. This remarkable photograph was taken by an employee of the H. B. C. Winnipeg store, R. O. Bennion, at 7.20 p. m. Note the clearness with which the figure of Mercury atop the dome stands out against the sky.

perform the act of osculation upon my elusive person.

During the following day all the hunters returned with remarkably good

I further informed them (lest some curious and sceptical member should take a notion to view the "remains") that I had treated my cartridges with a preparation known only to white men, which would penetrate the body of a "*weetigo*" and cause him to dissolve into thin air, whereas an ordinary bullet would take no effect. My veracity was apparently unquestioned. So highly appreciative were they that a withered old lady of some eighty or ninety odd summers insisted, much to my distress, upon endeavouring to

catches of fur, and needless to say I lost no time in visiting them at their own firesides and relieved them of their weighty bundles of fur, which they were only too ready to render up, having heard of how I had "saved" their squaws and children from the "*weetigo*."

F—— did not reappear for three days, and I need scarcely say that by that time I had purchased every hair of fur in the Indians' possession, which information he received from his informants in gloomy silence.

THE HEROISM OF SOME INDIAN WOMEN I HAVE KNOWN

By C. H. FRENCH,

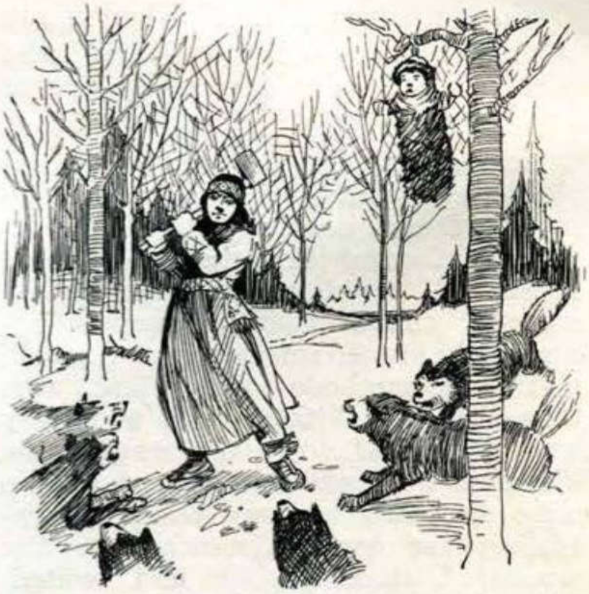
District Manager for British Columbia

THE dogs used in the far north by the Hudson's Bay Company for handling their transport are known as "huskies." They are of a low-set, wide-chested, curled-tail, and sharp, pointed-ears type, and naturally wild and ferocious.

During the summer season when not used they are kept in corrals made by standing logs on end in a circle. They are fed blubber from the whale or other meat that may be in abundance in whatever part of the north they may be located.

By the fall of each year these dogs become like caged tigers, because they are never liberated from the corral, nor do human beings ever venture into their pens. Their food is merely thrown over the top of the corral to them.

When the snow comes and it is time to subdue the dogs so that they can be harnessed and worked, a whip is made by sewing a piece of deer skin in a sack shape about three feet long, tapered at one end. This heart is filled with perhaps two pounds of shot, then long thin strips of buckskin are plaited around the already manufactured heart until there is completed a plaited whip lash of perhaps four feet long. This is attached to a handle not more than one foot long, and is now a weapon that will, when handled by an expert, make a noticeable dent in a plank every time the plank is struck. The dog is never hit with the body of the lash, but the



at top speed until they are completely tired out. No other training is necessary. They are now ready for the winter's work.

In most Indian camps the women get the wood, snare the rabbits and do most all work of this kind, while the men trap and hunt larger game.

One day early in the fall, about thirty years ago, when the snow was already deep on the ground, but before the dogs had been subdued, they had eaten through some of the logs of their corral and got out. The first trail they struck was one made by an Indian woman who had gone out to look at her rabbit snares. This woman had her blow is struck in such a way that only the end of the lash hits and that with a sharp crack louder than the crack of a pistol. While these whips are capable of stunning a dog, it is the loud crack that is depended upon principally to subdue them. So frightened of the lash do they become that when the trainer or driver enters the corral to harness them they howl with fear and are harnessed before they realize just what has happened.

Now the door of the corral is opened and out goes the whole pack, hitched to a sleigh, with the driver holding on tight, and continually cracking his whip thereby causing the dogs to race

baby tied up in its cradle on her back, and her only defensive weapon was a small axe.

Presently she heard the baying of the dogs and at once realized what had happened and that she would have to fight for her life. Mother-like, her first thought was for her child, which she unslung from her back and hung up in a tree, high enough so that the dogs could not reach it.

On came the dogs and the wonder is why she never thought of climbing a tree herself, but the evidence went to show that she merely took steps to save her child and prepared herself to fight the dogs with her short-handled axe.

It is necessary to really see these dogs to realize just how ferocious they become. I have seen timber wolves in bands, but never do they exhibit the same ferocity as do a pack of wild "huskies."

This Indian woman fought them without apparent fear, and when she was found dead, torn in a fearful way, there were three dead dogs and two badly wounded ones to show she had fought heroically for her child.

CROSS LAKE

By C. H. M. GORDON

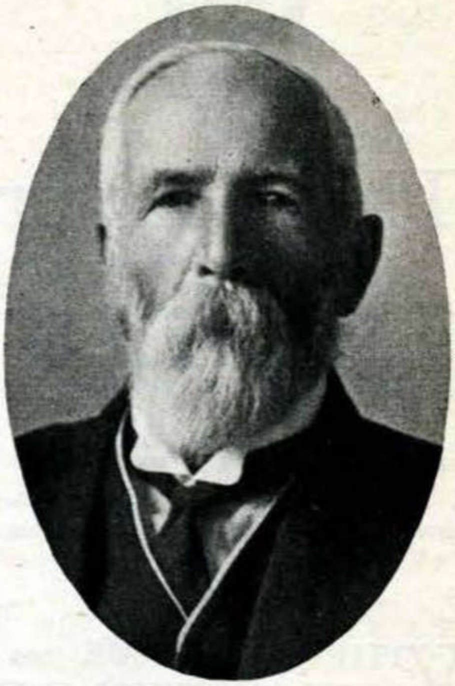
CROSS LAKE POST of the Hudson's Bay Company is situated on the Nelson river, sixty miles northwest of Norway House, and fifty miles northwest from the Hudson Bay railway, the nearest point being Mile 137.

The Post was established on its own basis in 1884, the manager at that time being Mr. Alex. Stout; previously it was merely an outpost from Norway House.

To an outsider it is a matter of surprise that there should be so many families here with the surname of McKay and Ross. These names were given them in 1881 by C. F. Roderick Ross, and the late Indian Agent Angus McKay to simplify matters and so make it easier to transcribe. They decided to call all the Indians who had long Indian names either Ross or McKay. For example, *Quishkinee-pineshkinum* (straight summer), was

but not with much success on account of the difficulty of transportation.

Game is not abundant around the Post, but at some distance all kinds of ducks can be got in the Spring and Fall.



Pioneer Dies

WILLIAM JACKSON, a much-respected pioneer of the West, died at Winnipeg, August 16th. Born in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, in 1836, and coming to Canada in 1851, he brought to the land of his adoption the highest characteristics of his race, and applied them to the varied conditions that met him in the new land.

In 1861 he married Miss Jane

surnamed David Ross, whilst *Queshkakeetum* (the one that counts right) was changed into James McKay.

The Indian reserve is situated across the river, the Post being on the east side and almost in the centre. The majority of the band of Indians grow potatoes and more could be done in that direction if they applied themselves to it. There are also a few head of cattle on the reserve, hay being easy to obtain.

Our good police magistrate, who puts in all his time for the good of the community without any salary, must not be forgotten. The white settlers, of whom there are about thirty, counting children, have good houses and gardens which cannot be excelled.

Commercial fishing, both in white fish and sturgeon, has been carried on,

Brown, of Cumberland, England, who survives him.

Mr. Jackson was a miller in the Fort Garry mill of the Hudson's Bay Company from 1890 to 1906, when he was retired on pension.

Marine and River Transport News

THE H.B. S.S. "Nascopie" loaded at Montreal and sailed for posts in the Bay July 9th.

The lately acquired H.B. S.S. "Baychimo" sailed from Montreal for posts in Hudson Straits district, July 16th.

Captain E. B. Haight left Fort McMurray with barges on July 5th, taking more than a hundred tons of H.B.C. freight and supplies for the Northern posts.

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PRO PELLE CUTEM

The Beaver

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Vol. I AUGUST-SEPTEMBER Nos. 11-12

Two in One

WITH THIS ISSUE we endeavor to approach normalcy of publication after a period of serious disagreement in the printing trades, which resulted in the suspension of the regular August issue.

We have tried to make this number larger and more interesting, because of the full month that you have been without your *Beaver*.

August and September issues are combined under this one cover. A

The Knocker

FIND a "knocker" and you'll find a man who follows the path of least resistance in all things. KNOCKING is vastly easier than boosting. The roots of the ordinary character are so deeply embedded in selfishness, jealousy and gossip that the word of slander slips more easily from the tongue than any other.

Deep down, everybody dislikes a knocker, even a knocker himself.

Don't knock your friends. Don't knock your enemies. Whatever your feelings are, speak *well* of those you know. Shakespeare said, "Assume a virtue if you have it not." Boost and you will be boosted. Knock and you will be ill-reported.

The Amateur

THE limber stance. The clean swing. The sharp *smack* as driver connects with ball. And then the perfect follow-through while nerves tingle with the thrill telegraphed through the club shaft. You've got a real drive! watch it go like the *zing* of a bullet, like the flight of a mallard, straight, low, lots of "legs."

Gone from mind are the dubbed mashie shots, the turf devastating brassie swings. Forgotten are the pulled drives, the topped and the sliced foozled drives of a whole fretsome afternoon. You're no longer a chump combined under this one cover. A General Index from October, 1920, to August-September, 1921, is included on the last pages.

The dispute between the printers and their employees is not yet settled as we close the forms, and conditions are still far from normal; but by resorting to various expedients and by the owners of the presses and your editor abandoning their desks to handle type, the work has been accomplished. The result you hold in your hand.

Great credit is due Mr. George Saults, president of Saults & Pollard Ltd., who devoted upwards of sixty hours to the mechanical make-up of this *Beaver*.

We feel sure that our readers would have felt keenly the omission of another number. We are confident that they will make due allowances for hampered production and bear with us until the situation is again favorable.

afternoon. You're no longer a chump. Sure you can drive. Certainly you can play golf. The world is beautiful!

A short midiron shot and a mashie backspin drops you on the green and (who said miracles were effete?) a sixteen foot putt and you hole-out in four.

Up again at the next tee. Right to the green this time! Only two hundred and fifty yards.

A mighty swing again—*but your eye is off the "pill."* The ball swerves into a vicious parabola, cuts a bushel of foliage and disappears amid dark, deep Manitoba bush.

Remarks deleted. But why go on? Its the eternal vampire, is golf—ever alluring—always beckoning with the hope and the dream of one more perfect, sound, square *smack* that sends a thrill clear down to the hobs and cleans the slate!

A Real Old Timer in the Service of H.B.C.

H. J. Moberly Entered Company's Service 1854

By J. PREST

NOTE—Mr. Moberly's own story of his experiences and adventures during thirty-seven years as a Hudson's Bay man in the Northland will begin in an early issue.

THERE are many old timers throughout the length and breadth of Canada who have served a lifetime in the Company's service, but very few possess such a unique record as Mr. H. J. Moberly, now pensioned after 37 years of faithful service.

Although 86 years of age, he is still possessed of all his faculties—able to see and hear well and stands as straight as a young sapling—a man of rugged strength and stature, hardened by a lifetime's toil in conquering the wilderness. He comes of good, tough British stock, his father having served under Nelson and Collingwood at Trafalgar; also during the American War of Independence.

Like many other pensioners of these wars, his father was given a land grant in Ontario, where he settled with his family; H. J. Moberly being born in 1835. At this time much of Ontario was a primeval wilderness, covered with thick forests, almost every foot of which had to be cleared before

Simpson was no exception to the rule.

The governor, when inspecting, was preceded by buglers, drummers, bagpipers and with the British flag unfurled; clad in the regalia of beaver hat, ruffled choker, velvet cape lined with scarlet silk, leather leggings and bejewelled sword.

Following came the doctor and an officer of rank. Next came a retinue of men carrying camp kit. On entering the fort a cannon was fired in salute and the factor in charge advanced and shook hands with the governor. No doubt this elaborate ceremony was enacted to impress the savage Indian tribes, who gathered in great numbers on these periodical visits of inspection.

Young Moberly was then sent further westto Rocky Mounta in House, a Post in the foothills, where he was placed in charge. Trade was carried on with the Blackfeet and Stony Indian tribes.

In the winter of 1855 he was back again at Fort Edmonton, remaining until spring, then being transferred to Jasper House, due west of Edmonton.

This Post was engaged in trading with a tribe of Iroquois Indians, descendants from the original tribes from Ontario, who had travelled west in the employ of the North-West Company as hunters and voyageurs in opposition to the Hudson's Bay Company, but upon the amalgamation of the two companies in of which had to be cleared before crops could be sown.

Coming from such pioneering and sturdy stock, it is needless to say young Moberly was destined for a life of adventure, and to carry on the civilizing and colonizing work which has made the British empire what it is today.

In the year 1854 he entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort La Loche, on the shores of Lake Huron, but in the early spring was attached to Governor Sir George Simson's party, who were making the famous "inspection" trip from coast to coast. They journeyed by canoe to Norway House, headquarters of the Company for that district, awaiting the arrival of the Saskatchewan river brigade from York Factory, on the shores of Hudson Bay.

It was customary at this period for the governor, when inspecting posts, to enter with much pomp and ceremony, and it is recorded that Governor

companies. In 1821 they remained and permanently settled in the foothills of the Rockies and actively engaged intrapping as a means of livelihood.

In 1856 Moberly took charge of the boat brigade going on the annual trip east to York Factory on Hudson Bay. He was then placed in charge of the Post at Lac la Biche, where he spent three years trading with the Crees and Chipewyans.

H. J. Moberly

In 1859 he was again transferred to Jasper House, where another three years were spent. The next move was across the Rocky Mountains to take charge of the Post at Fraser Lake, B.C., actively engaged in trading with the Carrier and Babine tribes.

He remained at this Post for three years, afterwards resigning, but again rejoined the Company in 1870. He was then sent to the Athabasca district to build a trading post at the head of navigation. This post is now known as Fort McMurray.

In 1878 he was transferred to the Post at Lower Peace River, trading with Slavy and Chipewyan Indians. Here he remained until 1887, then took furlough home to England for twelve months.

In 1888 he was given charge of Fort Stanley, in the Cumberland district, trading with the Cree Indians, remaining for two years, then being transferred in 1890 to the Post at Isle la Crosse and having supervision over the entire district.

In 1894, after thirty-seven years of active and valuable service, he retired and was awarded a pension by the Company.

During the 250th Anniversary cele-

Miss Brown Leaves Unique Record

A REMARKABLE RECORD OF faithful service with the Company is that of Miss Barbara Brown, secretary to Mr. C. H. French, district manager for British Columbia. Miss Brown resigned her position in July, after fourteen years as stenographer in the B. C. district office.

During her long service Miss Brown was never absent on work days. She was never late. There is not a recollection amongst any of the staff that she was ever irritable; but everyone seems to remember her wearing a smile, and some say that is why she was so successful.

At a farewell luncheon, July 30th, in the Vancouver store, Miss Brown was presented with a handsome fur neckpiece by the district office staff. Mr. French, on behalf of the Company, also presented a case of cutlery bearing a suitable inscription of Miss Brown's years of service.

The nature of the reasons assigned for Miss Brown's leaving are believed to be matrimonial.

brations of 1920, Mr. Moberly was presented with a gold medal by Sir Robert Kindersley for long and faithful service and a record of which any man might well feel proud.

F. T. C. O. News

J. J. Loutit, post manager at Fort Chipewyan, Athabasca, was in Winniper for a few days looking over supplies at the wholesale depot and left August 6th for his Post.

H. L. Belcher, post manager at Pelican Narrows, Saskatchewan district, was in Winnipeg for a fortnight during August, visiting his parents.

L. Romanet, general inspector of the fur trade, arrived in Winnipeg August 12th, after a seven weeks' absence inspecting H.B.C. posts in the British Columbia district.

C. E. Belanger, Post Manager at Pine Ridge Post, Sask., was in Winnipeg the week of August 16th to 23rd and returned to his Post after taking up matters of Company's business

LABRADOR NEWS

Mr. Frank Melton, Mr. John Livingstone and Mr. James C. McGibbon have returned to harness after having spent several months in the old country on furlough.

Mr. J. Berthe was at St. John's early in the summer fitting out the auxiliary schooner "Fort Chesterfield." He had a 75 h.p. M. & W. engine installed and the boat sheathed for ice conditions. Mr. Berthe left with the schooner early in August for the Bay.

Mrs. Hayward Parsons, wife of the manager at Cartwright Post, visited relations at Bay Roberts, Newfoundland, last month.

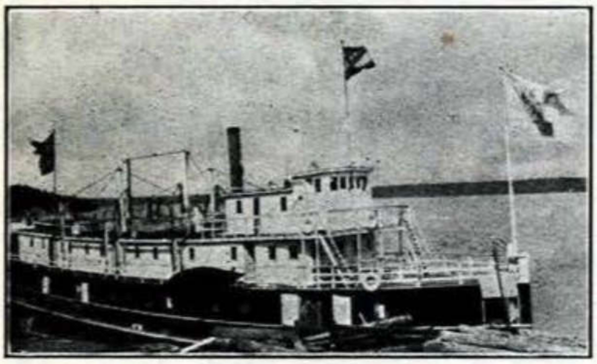
Mr. James Payne, our gold medalist, with three bars, of Cartwright, Labrador, paid the district office a visit, his first trip to St. John's since the fire which wiped out a great part of the city.

Mr. Herodier was in St. John's for a few weeks before he left for Pond's Inlet.

FIRST TRIP OF 1921 SEASON OF H.B.SS. MacKENZIE RIVER

Company's River Boat Which Plies to Arctic Ocean Carried Large Number of Important Men

By F. C. JACKSON, Fort Simpson



H.B. SS. Mackenzie River

THE Hudson's Bay S.S. "MacKenzie River" left Fort Smith, N.-W.T., June 20th, with more than a hundred tons of freight and forty-four passengers for points along the MacKenzie river.

A considerable part of the cargo was billed to the Imperial Oil Com-

service, establishment of wireless and meteorological stations, and the opening of new recording offices, as warranted by need. As one direct result of this trip, it is stated permanent steel buoys will be placed at points along the shallow channels of lakes and rivers beginning at Fort Smith on the Slave river.

Dr. D. B. Dowling, of the geological department at Ottawa, with his assistants, A. P. Dowling and Maj. A. D. Irwin, made the trip as far as Hay river, from which place they will visit the camps of the Drs. Williams, Hume and Mathieson—all of the geological department.

The Indian agency of the government was represented by Mr. H. A. Conroy, who will make treaty with the different Indian tribes along the MacKenzie. Commissioner Conroy left the steamer pany, and unloaded at Hay river and the oil well 25 miles below Fort Norman.

The passenger list included some prominent government officials and representatives of private corporations, and the S.S. "MacKenzie River" has possibly never before carried such a great number of important men, whose work will influence the future of the great "North-West Territory."

There were also aboard four press and literary men, who recorded photographically all points of interest along the route, and their findings will go far to give the outside world an idea of the resources and wonders of the north.

Mr. O. S. Finnie, at present acting secretary of the N.-W.T., who, it is stated, will receive his appointment as deputy minister of the N.-W.T. on his return to Ottawa, and Major D. L. McKeand, at present chief clerk, and slated to succeed Mr. Finnie, were on board, making their first official inspection tour. Major McKeand, as chief enumerator of the N.-W.T., has made a complete census of the white residents on the MacKenzie river.

Mr. Finnie will make recommendation to the government regarding mail

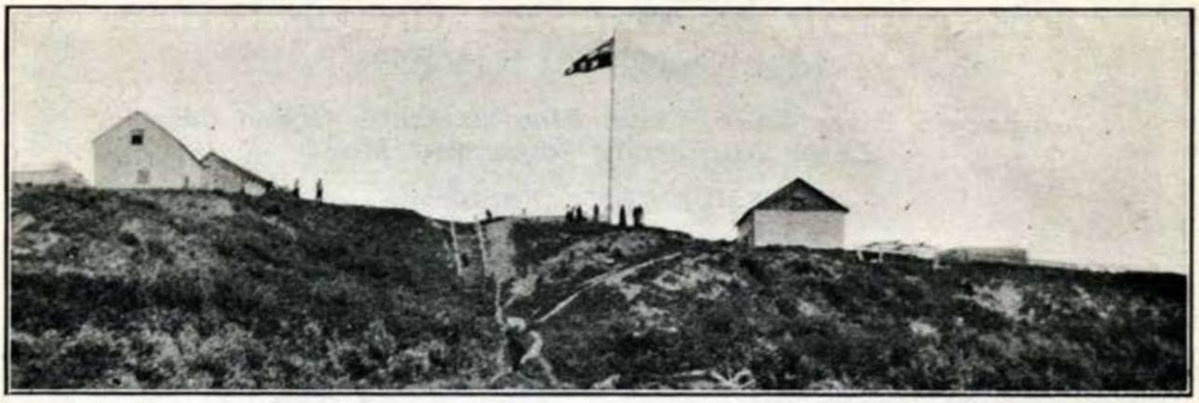
at Fort Providence, to await there the arrival of the H.B. tug "Hubaco," which is to tow the houseboat carrying the treaty party. Inspector Bruce and two constables of the R.C.M.P. left the steamer at the same place, as they are to act as escort of the party.

Mr. C. E. Taylor, manager for the Imperial Oil Company in Alberta, came as far as the Norman oil well of the company, and remained until the return trip of the S.S. "MacKenzie River" from Fort McPherson.

The clergy was represented by the Rt. Rev. Bishop J. R. Lucas, who made his annual visit of this district, and Rev. J. M. Crisall of Fort McPherson.

The other passengers were mining and oil prospectors, tourists from the United States and Canada and Hudson's Bay Company men, who returned to their northern Posts after spending a holiday "outside."

The spirit of *camaraderie* evident among staff and crew of the steamer went far to make the passengers at home, and service and cuisine came in for much praise. Everybody was surprised and delighted to find a ship,



FORT NORMAN, H. B. C. Fur Trade Post on the Mackenzie River, is 1500 miles, as the crow flies, northwest of Winnipeg. The oil gusher which has recently given this old post worldwide publicity was brought in twenty-five miles north of the Fort.

going to the fringes of the polar regions, giving the comfort the S.S. "Mackenzie River" afforded.

The entire return trip as far as Fort Wrigley required only thirteen days, and Captain Mills, with fair luck at the Great Slave lake, will make a record trip.

The fact that so many important representatives of the governmental

The weather during the trip was very fine and pleasant, so that the passengers found it hard to go to bed at their accustomed time, and night was turned into day, as it seems to be the northern style.

Dominion Day was celebrated on board by addresses by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Lucas, Mr. Finnie, Major McKeand and Mr. Daniels, one of the and financial world are themselves visiting the Mackenzie district is very significant, and with the bringing in of a considerable number of extra drills this year and the probability of further oil strikes in the vicinity of Fort Norman, transportation facilities during the 1922 season will be taxed to the utmost, as far as freight is concerned. The tourist travel will also rapidly increase, when the fact that one can comfortably and speedily travel to the "land of the midnight sun" is given the publicity it deserves.

editors of the "World's Work," who is writing a series of articles on the oil situation in the north. Mr. J. G. M. Christie, who is a passenger and a retired employee of the Hudson's Bay Company, presided.

The steamer's timetable:

Left Fort Smith June 20th, 1921.
Arrived Fort Simpson June 24th, 1921.
Arrived Fort McPherson June 28th, 1921.
Left Fort McPherson June 29th, 1921.
Arrived Fort Simpson July 5th, 1921.
Arrived Fort Hay River July 7th, 1921.

Courtesy Cues

1. Talk quietly, slowly, distinctly.
2. Speak well of everyone.
3. Move quietly.
4. Be courteous over the telephone.
5. Return borrowed property.
6. Treat strangers as well as friends kindly.
7. Be interested in the success of others.
8. Keep free of prejudice.
9. Give the other fellow a chance to explain his views.
10. Be even tempered.

Wins Prize for Window Trim

Mr. J. E. Andrews, of the H.B.C. Vernon store, has been awarded a valuable prize for the excellence of the window trim which he designed for the store during Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Week.

This was a contest in which thousands of window trimmers of the leading shoe stores in the United States and Canada participated and it is, indeed, an achievement to have gained one of the prizes.

Promotion Within the Service

THE APPOINTMENT since our last issue of Messrs. J. M. Gibson and James S. Braidwood as assistant stores commissioners, of Fletcher Sparling as general manager at Calgary retail, G. A. H. Porte as manager at the new Victoria store and W. R. Ogston as acting manager of Winnipeg retail is a practical demonstration of an outstanding H.B.C. policy—"promotion within the Service."

There ought to be an inspiration for younger employees in these examples of men who have made themselves capable of the higher positions that are continually opening up in one or another of the Company's many departments and branches.

Northern Mackenzie River News

men having been drowned on the Hay river. The S.S. "Liard River" arrived at 9 p.m. from Spence river; owing to the exceedingly high water, following a sudden ice jamb, she was carried into the bush and almost wrecked.

Fort Simpson, June 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. Ewen arrived in a small scow from Fort Nelson on June 4th. Congratulations to them on the arrival of a son—the first white child born at Fort Nelson.

Mr. Fughl and party of eleven men left for the oil fields on June 10th, having arrived at Fort Simpson two days previously.

Mr. McLeod, manager of Fort Liard, and his wife and family arrived from Fort Liard in a small scow, with the season's returns.

On the evening of June 14th, three scows arrived, propelled by gasoline canoes. They comprised three survey parties under Drs. Norris, Williams and Hume, and contemplate working

Fort Simpson—The Imperial Oil Company narrowly escaped the loss of their machines, which were lying on the snye at the back of the Fort awaiting favorable weather for their return trip to Peace River. During the night of April 22nd, the Liard river came down and piled up about four miles above the Fort. The water began to rise immediately. The aviators were aroused and hastened down to the machines with their baggage; the one machine took off nicely and landed on a small lake a few miles away and left on the following day for Peace River, where it arrived safely. The other machine was damaged in taking off and had to be pulled up on the shore. The same night the Liard river pushed right out, filling the snye with ice; the water in the Mackenzie rose eight feet.

On May 12th, Tom Griffith, with a large party of local men, including Sergeant Thorne, left with a scow for Fort Norman for the purpose of staking claims.

Extract from Fort Simpson Journal, May 29th, 1921—Mr. P. H. Godsell arrived at 9 a.m. from an inspection trip to Fort Wrigley; Mr. H. A. George and three others arrived from Peace River en route to Fort Norman, via Hay river, reports three

between this post and Fort Norman during the summer.

Two additional parties were left at Hay River and Providence.

A strange sight was seen at Fort Smith in June. Mr. McDermott, of the H.B.C., had a dog-team of five hitched to a five-plow cultivator, and the way that the dogs worked was a novel sight. This team travelled 4000 miles last winter and is worth $1000.

The fishing season at Salt river is over, and many boat loads of dried fish went out to the different forts as a consequence.

The fish, weighing from three to six pounds, come, like the salmon off the B.C. coast, up the river in masses, and are caught with nets by the Indians, a lucky man catching about 1000 fish per day. As one Indian put it, "Me catch lots more easy, but squaw can't work more."

The squaws cut off the heads, open the fish, take out the insides, and cut the fish in strips. Then the fish are either dried or smoked, and furnish food for the family and dogs for the summer, until the fall catch comes in, which is frozen.

As everywhere else, the oil regulations are cussed and discussed in the north, and every one hopes for an

early change which will give those who made this country a fair chance.

The first baseball game ever played at Fort Smith ended in a victory for Major Burwash's party over the employees of the Alberta & Arctic Transportation company. The Indians have not as yet grasped the purpose of home runs and stealing bases, and one voiced his opinion as follows: "Huh! White men crazy—run around like crazy—and nobody after him at all."

Long Lake Post (Ont.) News

TREATY payment day here was July 20th, and on the 21st we held the customary canoe races in the afternoon. The weather was very favorable and everything went off in fine shape. Quite a number of Indians from Heron Bay and Mobert came up with their families to join in the fun.

Sunday, July 31st.—Went over to Forestry Island for lunch. Messrs Stevenson, Hobbs and Brockendon, passengers in the plane, visited the Fort again immediately after lunch. Returned with them to Forestry Island to witness their departure for The Pas which took place about 3.45 p.m. Major Hobbs took Mr. Fisher for a short flight this morning. The Indians here showed great interest in the machine, crowds being around all day. As far as I could observe, they seemed not the least bit scared and took the arrival of the "strange bird" with their usual stoicism."—*R. A. Talbot.*

Tom Ross Is Friendly

Depot Drygoods Buyer Began to Make Good with H.B.C. Back in 1889

AMONG the Company's Winnipeg Gold Medalists still

with their families to join in the fun. In the evening a dance was held in the old warehouse, which had been emptied of its contents preparatory to its being utilised as a temporary store during the removal of the general store to the station two miles distant.

John Goodwin, from Lac Seul, arrived during the month to fill the position vacated by Mr. Finlayson, who will be retiring shortly after forty-three years of faithful service with the Company.—*S. A. Taylor*.

Norway House Post (Man.) News

SATURDAY, July 30th, at 7.30 p.m., we heard approaching what appeared to be a number of gasoline engines, and on going outside observed in the sky, coming from the West, a large seaplane. After circling twice, she passed directly over the Fort and alighted in the lake, steering for moorings that had been prepared off Forestry Island. Mr. Fisher, chief fire ranger, who was at the Fort at the time, left immediately, taking Messrs. Talbot and Dupuis with him. We reached the plane just as the passengers were alighting and assisted in taking them off. The machine, No. G-CYBT, had made the trip from Victoria Beach to Norway House in 3 hours and 18 minutes (an average of 72 miles an hour).

Tom Ross

"in harness, "there is perhaps none who is better known or more affectionately regarded than "Tom" Ross, manager of the wholesale drygoods and stationery.

Mr. Ross does not often have a disagreement with anyone, but when he does, "the fur flies," as one old timer expressed it. He speaks his mind very pertinently. Next moment, however, he's as friendly as ever. And his heart is so big that he would do anything for one. These things are characteristic of the man.

Born at Coburg, Ontario, in 1856, Mr. Ross entered the service of H.B.C. as a salesman the first of April, 1889. They say he wasn't always thinking and talking about promotion, but worked on the principle that a good man can't be kept down. Therefore he proceeded to make himself a good man.

He has enjoyed progressive promotion. In 1905 he was appointed drygoods buyer for the depot, where he has spent the whole term of his service.

Mr. Ross does big things in a quiet way. He is a prominent Mason, a leader in Sunday school work, and curling is the only sport he is known to indulge in.

Balsillie in North 26 Years

J. A. BALSILLIE, H.B.C. manager at Fort Providence, and J. McDermott, post manager for the Company at Fort Smith, reached Edmonton last month from the North via McMurray and the Waterways railway, this being Mr. Balsillie's first trip out to civilization for 26 years.

Both these men were present at the trial of the Slavey Indian, Lebeau, at Fort Providence, when the latter was sentenced to be hanged for the murder of his wife and baby. The execution will take place at Fort Fitzgerald on November 1st. This is the first court which was held in the far north, and with the idea of impressing the natives with a sense of British justice, the chief of the tribe and 20 of his most responsible men were ordered to attend

MONTREAL

H.B.C. Eastern Buying Agency News

THE following ladies' ready-to-wear buyers visited Montreal in July:

Miss Woodhead, Winnipeg retail.
Mr. Boyle, Vancouver retail.
Miss Grimason, Victoria retail.
Mr. Secord, Edmonton retail.
Mr. Salter, Calgary retail.

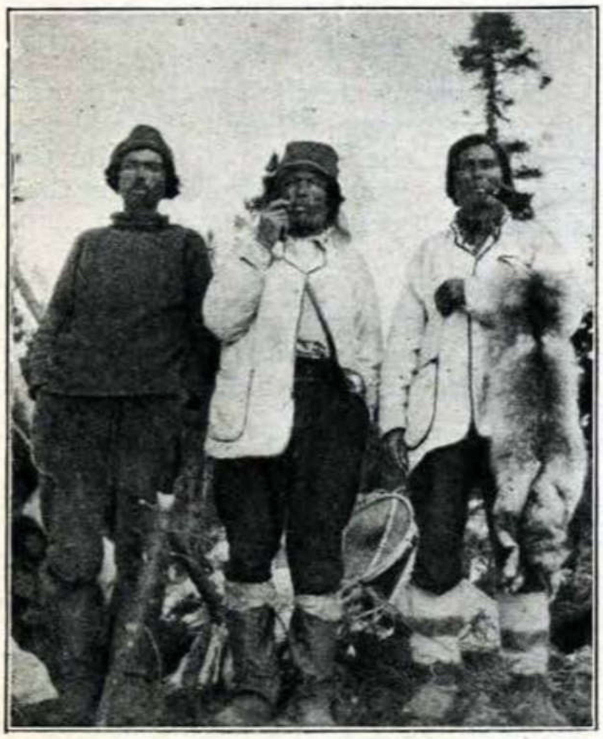
The following H.B.C. department store buyers visited the Eastern markets during August:

Miss A. McCheyne, Winnipeg retail.
Mr. W. R. Diamond, Winnipeg retail.
Mr. W. Ogden, Winnipeg retail.
Miss F. O'Grady, Winnipeg retail.
Mr. M. G. Higgins, Winnipeg retail.
Mr. Q. R. Scott, Winnipeg retail.
Mr. Bodel, Calgary.

the trial.

Chipewyan Pioneer Dies

PETER LOUTIT, 76, one of the oldest residents of Fort Chipewyan, Athabasca, and a real pioneer of the Northland, died on June 19th at the Fort and was buried at Edmonton. J. J. Loutit, manager of Fort Chipewyan, and Thomas Loutit, manager of Fond du Lac post, are his sons.



MONTAIGNES INDIANS of the interior of Ungava who annually trade at the H. B. C. Fur Post, Fort Chimo.

Mr. H. Keith, Calgary.
Mr. Geo. Brower, Calgary.
Mr. J. J. Hayes, Calgary.
Mrs. McKay, Calgary.
Mr. Plowes, Calgary.
Miss Patton, Calgary.
Mr. A. N. MacDonald, Calgary.
Mr. Brennand, Calgary.
Miss Adams, Calgary.
Mr. Mulholland, Calgary.
Mr. A. M. Ross accompanied by Miss Gibbons and Miss Dolby.
Mr. Harvey, Edmonton.
Mr. Chasey, Edmonton.
Mr. Roberts, Edmonton.
Mr. Pallett, Edmonton.
Mr. Wm. Briggs, Edmonton.
Mr. Stapells, Edmonton.
Mr. Winslow, Vancouver.
Mr. B. M. Clark, Vancouver.
Miss J. M. Green, Vancouver.
Mr. Townsend, Vancouver.
Mr. W. J. McLaughlin, Vancouver.
Mrs. Clarke, Yorkton, Sask.

Miss Workman was in the East making millinery purchases for the Victoria store.

Mr. S. Purves, of Winnipeg wholesale, and Mr. S. D. Wilson, of Vancouver, buyers for the shoe department, visited us in July.

Our hearty congratulations to Mr. Pout on his appointment to the position of merchandise manager at Victoria. We are doubly pleased to hear this good news, as Mr. Pout is one of "our own"—having been connected with the E.B.A. for several years.

Mr. J. White and *Mr. George Milne,* of the London office, visited Montreal during August on their way West.

Poor Writing No Sign of Genius

If We Could See the Office Co-workers Deciphering "Salescheck Puzzles," More Care Would Be Given to Writing Them

By HALLIE U. STILES

> *One of the Chief Executives of a certain store was heard to say to a clerk the other day, "Why do you make a nine like a seven?" The clerk replied, "It is a seven." The Executive exclaimed, "Then, why in thunder do you make it look like a nine?"*

with another figure—as this makes it look like a *seven.*

The *two, three,* and *five* look very much alike when poorly made.

The *six* and *eight* are similar when the top of the *eight* is left open.

The *nine,* when left open at the top, looks like *seven* and sometimes like *four.*

Capitals

Printed capitals for the address are

IN days gone by poor handwriting was considered a mark of genius. But when we are told that such men as Edgar Allen Poe, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and O. Henry were good penmen, the theory seems disproved.

These men lived in the days when penmanship was more difficult than it is today. It was an achievement to learn the old Spencerian method with all its frills and curley-kews. Today we aim for legibility and rapidity with the plainer and simpler forms.

In retail selling penmanship is one of the important tools with which the salesman does his daily work. No sale is complete until the record of it has been made. A poorly written salescheck plays havoc with the good service we aim to give. Fifty per cent of customers' complaints are due to illegible writing. Purchases are charged to the wrong account, goods delivered to the wrong address, the wrong kind of merchandise billed, and in some cases the customer is over or under charged—all because the writing on the saleschecks can not be read.

Figures

Figures should be made *small* and be *well* formed to be easily read.

123456789

The *one* should be long enough not to be mistaken for a *decimal point*. There should be no line connecting it

less confusing than *script*. In printing capitals use the fewest number of strokes to gain speed. Have all the strokes of one letter connected.

A B C D E F G H I J K L M

N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z

In the letters above, these can be made with one stroke—*B C G I J L M N O P Q R S U V W Z.*

These capitals can be made with two strokes—A E D F K T X Y. The H is the only letter requiring three strokes.

Small Letters

The small letters, when poorly written, have a way of looking like almost anyone of the others. The following letters are grouped according to their similarity.

a o c

If *a* is left open at the top it looks like c. When the side stroke trails off at the top it looks like *o*.

i e m n u v w r s x

The *dot* is the important part of the *i*. If the dot is there it will never be mistaken for *e*. The *e* should always have an open loop to distinguish it from an *i* which someone has forgotten to dot. The *m* should have three well-curved humps and the *n* two. Beginning the first stroke near the line achieves this result.

The *u* has two decided points and the *w* three.

The *v*, *r*, s and x are individual and should be made accurately.

b h k l t d

This group of letters should always be twice as high as the group above.

The bowl of *b* should be left open to avoid the appearance of *f*.

The side hump of *h* and *k* should be snug up to the stem so that it can be readily seen that it belongs there.

The *l* should be tall and crossed near the line to avoid the appearance of *e*.

The *t* will never be misread if it always bears its cross.

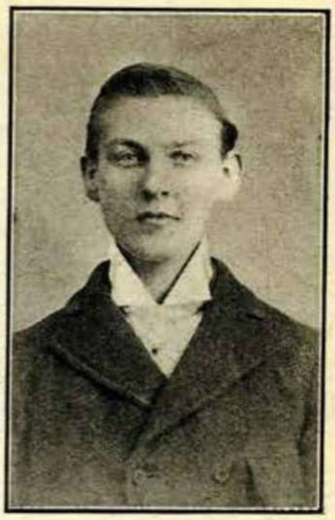
The *d* will never look like *cl* if its bowl is closed up.

The important feature about the

Youthful Portrait No. 4

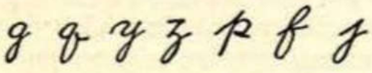
Who is it?

If you know him send in the name and look for list in next issue of The Beaver.



Miracles

following group is that they should all extend below the line.



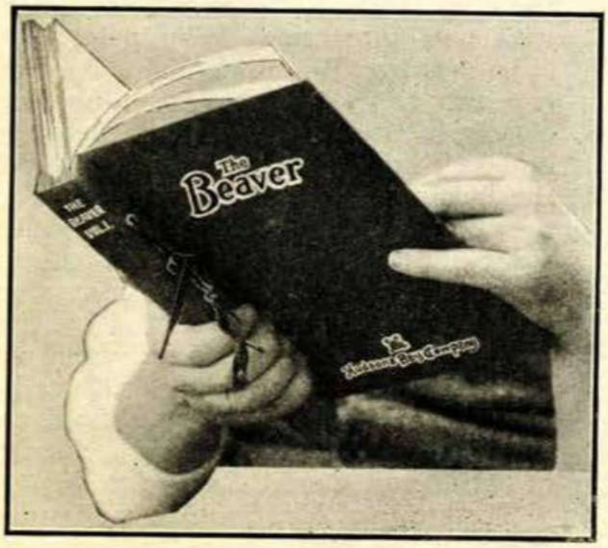
To correct a bad habit or form a new one requires practice.

A bit of conscientious practice of penmanship during the spare moments of the day will reward those who want to improve their handwriting.

WE marvel at the Biblical miracles. What would David, Solomon, Zedekiah or Herod the Great say of this (from a weekly magazine)? "General Allenby's railroad from the Suez Canal to Jerusalem is now doing a regular business. It is possible to take a sleeper near where Moses crossed the Red Sea and wake up in the morning at the gates of the Holy City."

Order a Binder for Your "Beavers"--50c

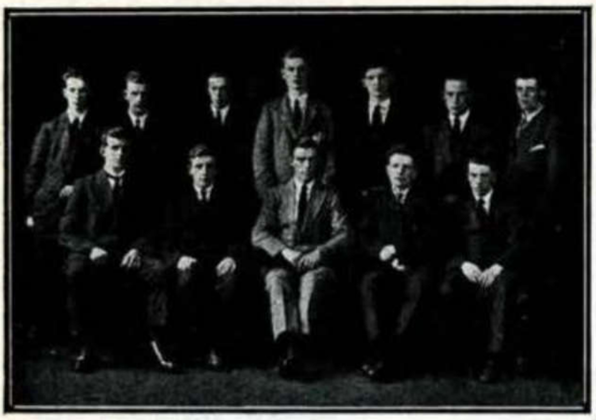
EVERYONE who is genuinely interested in our little family magazine will wish to preserve a complete set of VOLUME I. The twelve numbers issued up to date should prove a valuable historical record, not alone of the Company and its employees during 1920-21, but of H. B. C. achievements in years gone by.



We offer for the nominal sum of 50c, postpaid, a practical, handy loose-leaf binder cover for Vol. I of *The Beaver* (12 numbers and General Index). The construction is of a sturdy green canvas-covered board. When you receive your binder it will be necessary to punch three holes in the margin of all your copies of the magazine, to correspond with holes in the binder. A common shoe lace does the binding.

Order your binder NOW, through Associate Editor at your branch, or write:

The Publicity Agent
HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY
Winnipeg, Manitoba



Scotland Sends H. B. C. Fur Trade Recruits

year with more young blood for the arduous but much romanticised wilderness service, which perhaps second only to that of the famed "Scarlet Riders," has challenged the tenacity and measured the grit of Scotsmen for generations.

There is something about this arrival of H.B.C. recruits that brings to mind other parties of Scottish lads taken aboard the Company's ship on her annual call at Stornaway and brought into the Bay to begin their life's work as H.B.C. men. Almost every day one meets men in high positions with the Company who came in that way.

There is a difference only in this: the

Arrival of Twelve Apprentice Clerks Recalls Annual Visit of Company's Ship to Stornoway

By W. M. CONN

TWELVE YOUNG men from Aberdeen, Scotland, engaged by the Company for service as apprentice clerks in the fur trade, arrived at Montreal aboard the "Corsican," June 22nd. The photograph shows the lads as they appeared immediately after leaving ship. Their names and the fur trade district to which each was despatched to begin his five-year contract of service inland for H.B.C., are as follows:

NAME	DISTRICT
Standing (left to right:)	
N. Walker	Lake Superior
H. Horne	Labrador
C. T. Eaton	St. Lawrence
H. F. Roberts	Mackenzie River
J. Aitken	Labrador
A. Pearson	Lake Huron
J. M. Edward	Saskatchewan
Sitting (left to right):	
Allison	Nelson River
G. Morrison	Keewatin
R. B. Urquhart	Saskatchewan
W. Watt	James' Bay
W. Rass	Nelson River

The engagement of these hardy young Scots for Northland service marks the return by H.B.C. to a policy in effect for more than two centuries—the custom of recruiting men for the fur trade from Scotland and the northern isles. During the war and for a period afterwards it was impossible to maintain this practice because of the difficulty of obtaining men, but now that the times are tending toward normal, Scotland comes forward this

new recruits of today travel in fast ocean liners to the thickly populated centres of Canada and proceed thence by train to district headquarters, while the apprentice clerks of yesterday mostly came out by sail to the lonely fastnesses of the Bay and it was often five to ten years before many of them saw any part of "civilized" Canada.

Messrs. Sparling and Gibson Honoured

New H. B. C. Calgary Store Head and Assistant Stores Commissioner Exchange Places of Abode

MR. FLETCHER SPARLING, formerly general manager of the Company's Winnipeg retail store, assumed the management of Calgary retail on August 15th, succeeding in that position Mr. J. M. Gibson, who was appointed during July as one of the new assistant stores commissioners, with headquarters at Winnipeg.

In leaving Winnipeg, Mr. Sparling severed ties that bound him very closely to the city, both as a merchant and as a man actively associated with the business, civic and sports life of the community. He was a leading spirit in the Board of Trade council and a strong factor in the many important movements instituted by that body for the civic and commercial advancement of Winnipeg. Mr. Sparling was a director of the Employers' Association of Manitoba and a director of the Retail Credit Exchange.

The story of Mr. Sparling's advancement in the retail store field and his career with the Company are dealt

with in the October, 1920, issue of *The Beaver*.

A farewell luncheon was tendered Mr. Sparling at the St. Charles hotel, Winnipeg, August 11th, at which there were in attendance more than one hundred leading business men of the city, members of the various associations with which he has been connected. Mr. Sparling sounded the keynote in his speech on that occasion when he urged that young business men affiliate themselves with the different trade organizations which are trying to improve general business conditions

"I think we'd better not," said the young woman.

"Well, give me your telephone number and you can think it over," he said. And she gave him a number.

"I want to put my address in your bag," said the young man. "Promise me you won't look at it until you get home." And he slipped a folded paper in her handbag.

At the hotel the young miss met her friend. She told the story of her adventure.

"I can't wait until I get home to see who he was," she said; "I'll look now."

She took the folded paper from her bag and found it was a one hundred dollar bill. As she looked at it she burst into tears.

"Why do you cry?" asked her friend. "I'd think you would be glad."

"Oh," said the little miss, "I'm so sorry. I and promote co-operation between firms.

Mr. Gibson, whose place Mr. Sparling is to fill at Calgary, was farewelled at a special luncheon, August 5th. A special Calgary despatch says: "Few men who have left Calgary have had more praise showered upon them than that bestowed upon J. M. Gibson at the board of trade luncheon. Speakers emphasized the fact that Mr. Gibson had given his best to the Company's business at Calgary and, moreover, had never failed to realize high ideals of citizenship, rendering every service he could whenever called upon.

Details in connection with Mr. Gibson's successful career as a merchant were given readers of *The Beaver* in the December, 1920, number.

Northwest Souvenir

"Rough Times," a souvenir book of the 50th anniversary of the Red River Expedition, and the formation of the Province of Manitoba, is now on sale, and the price placed at $3 per copy, exclusive of postage.

Subscriptions may be placed with the West Canada Publishing Co., or direct with the author, J. F. Tennant, 3-D Fort Garry Court, Winnipeg.

Sorry

She was a pretty little maiden who started out to meet her friend at a Vancouver hotel.

The streets were crowded as she made her way along. As she tripped at a crossing a big limousine just touched her and she fell.

A young man jumped from the quickly-opened door and helped her to rise.

"You are hurt?" he said.

"Not at all," she replied, "just shaken up a bit. It was my fault. I wasn't looking."

"Can't I take you where you were going?" he asked, and he smiled politely.

"Perhaps," she replied; "I am in a hurry."

"I'd like to see you again—will I?" asked the young man as they neared the hotel.

"I don't think so," replied the miss.

"It can't do any harm," said the young man.

gave that young man the wrong number."

Am They a Hell?

The newly-appointed pastor of the colored church announced that the subject of his first sermon would be "Am they a Hell, or Am they Not?"

The church was packed as the new parson arose to prove his assertion.

"Brethren," he said, " the Lord made the world round like a ball."

"Amen," cried the congregation.

"And the Lord made the world so it could go round and round," continued the preacher.

"Amen," was the response.

"And the Lord made two axles for the world to go round on, and he put one axle at the north pole and one axle at the south pole."

"Amen," agreed the congregation.

"And then a lot of sinners dig wells in Pennsylvania and steal the Lord's oil and grease. And they dig wells in Kentucky, Louisiana, Oklahoma, Texas, Canada and in Mexico. And some day they'll dig so many wells that they will have all the Lord's oil and grease, and then, them two axles is gwine to get hot. That will be hell, brethren, that sure will be hell."

Youthful Portrait No. 5

Who is it? Watch for the name next month.

VANCOUVER

Miss Grimason Honored

MISS J. GRIMASON, recently appointed buyer for Victoria store in the ladies' ready-to-wear and mantles, has been the *raison d'etre* of some

several years and who had endeared herself to all. Miss Robinson married Mr. Frank Frazer, son of Doctor Frazer, of the First Baptist church, a figure of the city's life well known to the old timers.

happy social occasions lately on her departure for a buying trip to New York before taking up her new duties in Victoria. Mrs. A. J. Watson, wife of the merchandise manager, gave a very pleasant tea, at which were present: Miss Green, Mrs. McDairmid Mrs. Boyle, Mrs. McLaughlin, Miss Andrew and many others.

Mrs. Boyle also gave a farewell party for Miss Grimason, which was made the occasion of a presentation of a club bag from the department's staff, as well as an event to be remembered pleasantly by all present, which included the recipient's friends and colleagues in business, who were given this opportunity of expressing their gratification at her well-earned promotion in the Company's service.

Summer Nuptials

MANY weddings have taken place during the past month amongst members of our staff. Commencing at the fifth floor, we have to announce the marriage of *Mr. L. R. Little,* of the general manager's office, who was wedded to Miss Eva Mary Knowling, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Knowling. Rev. Dr. Henderson officiated. The bride, who was given in marriage by her father, was becomingly attired in a travelling suit of navy with iridescent beads, her hat being of grey and rose with French flowers.

On the second floor several interesting social events have been participated in by the staff.

Miss M. K. Robinson's wedding was a very pretty one, and the bride looked charming. She was presented by the department staff with a silver tea service in token of her popularity and their good wishes to one who has been associated with this department for

Miss Gertie Blake, for many years at the transfer desk, was married to Mr. H. Fleury, formerly in the wallpaper section.

Before the happy event, however, the bride was made the recipient of a very beautiful presentation of Community silver by Mr. Chas. Skelly, staff superintendent, on behalf of the managers and staff.

The Misses Waddell and Davison, from the mantle department, also severed their connection with the department to enter the bonds of matrimony. The former has been for a number of years in the Company's Calgary store, and more recently attached to the ladies' ready-to-wear section of the Vancouver store. The happy man is Mr. Tom Gibbons. Miss Clara Davison left to be married to Mr. Percival Thompson. Both ladies carried with them the good wishes of their colleagues, and tangible tokens of regard in presentations from their confreres.

Baseball

HAVE you noted the improvement in our store baseball? Or haven't you been to any of the games lately? Just slip down to the next game and see what the boys have done to improve their playing.

It is true, of course, that the team has not won very many games in this league, but stop and consider these two things: Our first attempt at baseball, and again that they are entered in a city senior league, which means that they are up against the best in the city.

A most interesting feature of the team is the fact that they lead the league in double plays, having 11 double plays to their credit, while the nearest rivals have but 6.

Mr. G. W. Roberts has been changed from third floor to adjustment bureau.

Mr. G. Harrison, we are pleased to hear, is "coming up," having been transferred from lower main to main floor.

Congratulations are in order for Mr. H. E. Elcock, who has been advanced

Tennis

THE weather has been more or less unfavorable this season; still a great deal has been done by those in charge of the ground and the tennis tournament.

Everything is running smoothly now that the weather is settled. Games are being played on schedule time and from dress goods department to floor manager of third floor.

We are pleased to welcome to our store family Mr. Albert Hand, who has stepped into the place left vacant by Mr. Harrison when he "ascended."

A pleasant little ceremony took place after 6 o'clock on Saturday, the 6th of August, when Miss Paul, Mrs. Bucknall and Mr. Roberts were presented by Mr. Chas. Skelly with tokens of esteem on their severing their connection with the Vancouver establishment, by their friends and well-wishers in the store.

The display department reports the loss of one of their members who has been in the Company's service nine years. Mr. Roy Wellsted decided to specialize in scenic work, in which he shows great talent, and accepted a position with the Allen Theatre Company here recently.

The staff have been glad to welcome back the general manager, Mr. H. L. Lockyer, to his old seat at the helm after his protracted illness.

Miss M. Paull and Nurse McFarlane are now in residence at their summer cottage in West Vancouver.

Mr. A. J. Watson's family have taken up their quarters for the summer holidays at their marine home, "Brajamare," Gower Point, where Mr. Watson joins them each week end.

Old timers in the store heard with regret of the passing away of Miss Mina West, formerly cashier for five years in the grocery department, who left about a year ago to become a pupil nurse at St. Paul's hospital. Miss West's funeral was attended by delegates from the store and a very beautiful floral offering was also sent.

a great deal of interest is being created.

A number of new faces are noticed on the courts this year, particularly amongst the ladies. Previously the men had the courts almost to themselves, but not so this year.

A ladies' singles competition and a mixed doubles are being played this season. So far some very interesting games have been staged.

Final results of the tournament will be given later in these columns.

New H.B.C. Ad. Man at Victoria

A. S. WOOLARD, for nine years with Woodward's Limited, of Vancouver, has entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, assuming the position of advertising manager at the new store in Victoria.

As an appreciation of his services with Woodward's, Mr. Woollard was the recipient of a handsome set of Community plate, presented to him by several of his fellow employees.

The Store's Jolly Picnic

MORE than 650 members and their friends attended the annual picnic of the Hudson's Bay Company Employees' Association at Bowen Island on August 3rd. The picnickers left the city by steamer at the U. S. S. Co. Dock at 9.15 a.m., returning late in the evening.

A large programme included athletic sports, which took up most of the day, and large numbers enjoyed a dance in the evening. Football and baseball games, swimming and rowing were among the many sports of the day.

Among the many friends of employees and officials to join in the outing were Mr. and Mrs. J. G. M. Christie and Mr. and Mrs. Hespeled of Winnipeg, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Lockyer.

Association officers present were: James Thompson. H. T. Lockyer, A. J. Watson, E. L. Anderson, C. Skelly and D. W. Winslow.

The judges of the contest were: A. J. Watson, C. Skelly, W. R. Boyle,

men's tug-of-war the department managers won, the team comprising Messrs. A. J. Watson, C. Adams, W. E. Almas, D. Winslow, B. M. Clarke and W. H. Sharpe.

Supper was served at 5 o'clock, after which the distribution of prizes to the winning contestants by Mrs. H. T.

C. Miller and J. R. Richdale.

F. S. Garner officiated as starter. The grounds committee consisted of Misses D. Ridley, V. Fairhurst, R. Brant, N. Davidson, G. Bushfield, Trenouth and Messrs. J. Rudson, R. Mair, L. Keele, R. Leaney, C. Wise and D. W. Winslow.

EVENT WINNERS

The winners were: Junior girls' race, under 6 years, Marjorie Hutchins, Ruth Clifford; junior boys' race, under 6 years, Roy Abel, Will Dickson; junior girls' race, under 12 years, Gertrude Mohlin, Julia Batson; junior boys' race, under 12 years, Alister Conache, George Thomas; messenger girls' race, Edith Sparks, Millie Grove; messenger and parcel boys' race, Fred Wainwright, John Goldie; ladies' race, Miss Morris, Miss Marshall and Miss Ebby; men's race, Messrs. Galbraith and Creery; ladies' and gentlemen's three-legged race, Miss Fairhurst Mr. Blundell; Hudson's Bay Company employees' wives' race, Mrs. Abel, Mrs. Griffiths, Mrs. Rudston; ladies' and gentlemen's wheelbarrow race, Miss Ridley, Mr. Wise; tilting the rider, Messrs. Goldies and Wise; ladies' egg and spoon race, Miss Hansford, Miss Fairhurst and Miss Engleman; putting the shot, Messrs. Hood and McDonald; men's sack race, Messrs. Kellett and McDonald; ladies' nail-driving contest, Miss Bryant, Miss Meakin; ladies' and gentlemen's "tie" race, Miss Ridley and Mr. Hood; ladies' sack race, Miss Grove, Miss McWilliam; department managers' race, Mr. Elcock, Mr. D. Winslow; ladies' race, 75 yards, Miss Norris, Miss Bouch.

The restaurant team was successful in the ladies' tug-of-war, the members being Miss Wilson, Miss Gaugon, Miss McDonald, Miss Walker, Miss Griffiths and Miss Coope. In the

Lockyer took place. Prizes for the tennis tournament, recently played on the Association grounds, were also presented at this time, the winners being:

Ladies' Singles, won by Miss Engleman.
Men's Singles, won by Mr. J. Worth.
Mixed Doubles, won by Miss Trenouth and Mr. Wise.)

At the conclusion of the sports, the store number of every member of the staff was placed in a box, two being drawn. The first entitled the fortunate holder to an iced cake, and the second to a premium ham. The winners were: Mr. A. J. Towel, Miss Eva Berensten.

During the evening dancing was enjoyed in the pavilion to the music of a well-balanced orchestra.

Mr. Lockyer Opens Exhibition

THE Twelfth Annual Vancouver Exhibition was opened 16th August before a large gathering in the Grandstand at Hastings Park.

The Lieutenant Governor was presented with an address from the Vancouver Exhibition Board by President H. T. Lockyer, general manager of H.B.C. retail establishment.

The exhibits were interesting. The horse races thrilled thousands on the speedway, and the buildings were crowded with large crowds who gathered to see the displays of Vancouver's industries.

A part of the picnic crowd photographed in one of Bowen Island's sylvan glades, Aug. 3rd.

the beautiful snow-clad mountains and glaciers. The railway guide gave a very interesting talk about the names and heights of the various mountains

VANCOUVER STORE'S girls' baseball team is pictured. The players: M. Davidson (captain), G. Busafield (pitcher), G. Law, V. Fairhurst, H. Goldie, I. Walker, E. Nelson, A. Humphries, J. Morris, P. Woods, M. Phillips.

VICTORIA STORE NEWS

FINISHING TOUCHES are being made on the Company's magnificent new department store edifice at Victoria, which was erected at a building cost of $1,500,000. The store's administration offices at Winnipeg state that the store will be opened in the near future. A group of the higher officials of the Company in Canada will be present at the opening.

Nearly all of the buyers for the new store and their merchandise staffs, numbering in all about seventy-five, have been busy at Victoria since early in July, installing stocks and getting everything in readiness for the first visit of customers. The full staff of the store will number about two hundred and fifty persons.

My First Impressions Our Farthest West

By **NETTA McEWEN**, Associate Editor

IT was an interesting trip from Winnipeg to Victoria. After leaving Banff I had my first glimpse of the Canadian Rockies. They are truly marvellous. When the open observation car was coupled on I spent about three hours gazing in wonder at the magnitude of and heights of the various mountains.

The natural parks, too, were interesting, but unfortunately when our train passed, the buffalo, deer, moose and other animals must have been taking a nap, for we did not see any.

Upon arrival at Vancouver the sky wept, but fortunately it only kept up about two hours; then beautiful warm sunshine, which has continued for the past several weeks.

The beauties of Vancouver, such as Stanley Park, Marine Drive, English Bay, and many other places, are truly remarkable, and I enjoyed every minute of my stay there, having had an enjoyable re-union with ex-employees of the Winnipeg store.

The approach to Victoria is beautiful. The flowers, growing in abundance everywhere, give an enchanted appearance to the many beautiful homes here. I think the Empress hotel gardens are a veritable fairyland. Then, too, golf and tennis enthusiasts are offered every advantage and opportunity to show their ability here.

From the office window I can see the mountains and water. The sunsets, showing their myriad colorings right over the water from the hills, are superb, a picture no artist could paint and do justice to them. Sometimes I wish that my friends in the Winnipeg divisions of the Company could be here to share in the nice features of this garden city with me.

And now to get down to our dear old Company. The new store is certainly going to be the *one* place for high-class shopping, and already I have heard many people remark: "I want to buy such and such an article, but I am going to wait until the Hudson's Bay store opens." So I got an idea of just how the people are already thinking of us.

From an architectural standpoint the building is magnificent, and when it is opened I am sure all employees of Hudson's Bay Company, and the residents of Victoria generally, will feel very proud of such a fine store.

NOTE—Miss Netta McEwen has been appointed associate editor for the new H.B.C. retail establishment at Victoria. Contributors please send news notes, manuscripts and photographs for this department through Miss McEwen.

EDMONTON

Retail Store Notes

H. B. C. FOOTBALL TEAM which is battling for leadership in the Edmonton City and District League (Intermediate). The players and committee are, from left to right: ***Front Row****—J. Arnold, A. Phelan, T. A. Crockett (captain), R. Hounsell, J. Graham.* ***Centre Row****—S. Stephens, G. Graham, E. Arnold.* ***Top Row****—P. A. Stone (President A. and A. A.), A. J. Edwards (committee), W. Fleming (committee), H. Ockenden, H. Hardaker, R. Henley, L. Melbourne, J. McCloy, H. W. Locker (committee) F. F. Harker (store manager).*

Mr. Bond, the chef, was the recipient of a presentation from the employees of the store and also the dining-room staff on Thursday, June 29th, the eve of his departure for Victoria, where he has been transferred to preside in the same capacity in the new H.B.C. store.

Mr. Florence was also the recipient of a presentation upon his departure for Victoria, as buyer for the staples section of the new store.

Miss Doris McLeod, of the office staff, left for the coast on an extended leave of absence for the benefit of her health.

Miss Barbara Urquhart, of the traffic department, spent her holidays in the far-famed Peace River country. From her rosy complexion, we take it the North agrees with her.

A quartet of newcomers to the store are the *Misses McKeever, Craig, Leiguea* and *Tydesley.*

Misses Alice and Gladys Wright have returned from vacation spent at their home in the country, looking all the better for the rest.

Mr. Robinson, buyer for the drug department, is the proud father of another little son. Congratulations.

Messrs. Johnson, Gray and Fisher have enthusiastically taken up golf—and also some of the turf, if appearances count.

Another golf enthusiast who made a round before breakfast put his shoes in the engine room the following morning to dry on arriving at the store. From all appearances, it would seem that he had been wading in the river after the ball.

Mr. McComb, of the men's clothing department, spent his two weeks' vacation motoring through Alberta. Close on 1000 miles were made without mishap.

Miss Ena Reed spent a very enjoyable two weeks' vacation at the lakeside, and *Miss Hattie Stevens,* of the china section, left for her vacation—to be spent at Alberta Beach.

Miss Doris Nelson is a newcomer to the store, and we are pleased to welcome her.

Miss MacIntosh, of the hardware section, is filling a dual role, acting as telephone operator while Mrs. Astley is on her vacation.

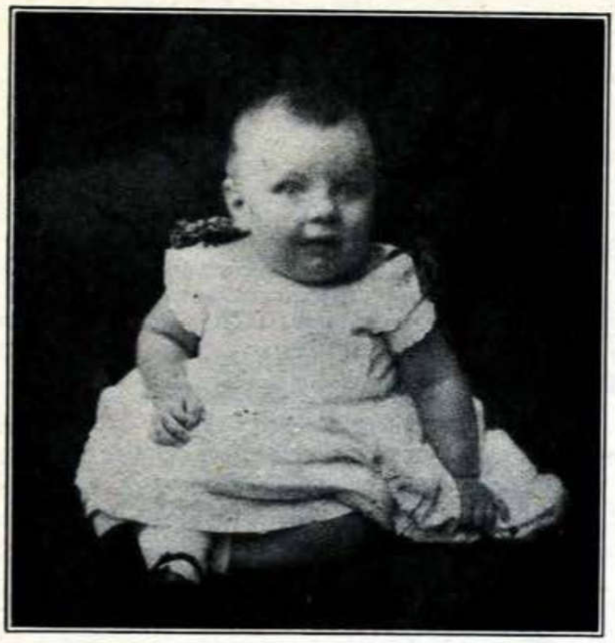
Mr. Joe Davis, assistant in furniture department, recently booked an important contract, one that will last for life. He has recently been married.

Miss Lavoie, of the ladies' underwear department, has been transferred to the Victoria store.

Miss Campbell, of the underwear department, has resigned her position and taken up another one for life, as she was recently married.

Miss Solick has returned from her holidays, which were spent at Gull Lake and Calgary. She reports a delightful time.

Miss Jones, of the ribbon department, has been transferred to the underwear section.



Youthful Portrait No. 6

Who is it? If you think you know, send in the name and watch next month's issue.

A. and A. A. Sports Items

Football—Since the last report of our team's doings they have played another league game, winning 6-0, making our record to date: Played, 5; won, 5; lost, 0; drawn, 0; goals for, 23; against, 0.

Baseball—The baseball team continues to win their league engagements and at present head the league table.

Basketball—The girls have got fairly into their best form, and out of three games since the last report have won two by substantial margins, the remaining game being a tie, 11-11, after an extra thirty minutes' play.

Promoted from the Ranks

MISS McDONALD, of the millinery department, has been promoted to the position of buyer of that department, demonstrating once again the Company's policy of promoting employees who are competent for higher positions when vacancies occur. The whole staff unite in extending to her their congratulations.

Mr. C. Digny, our window trimmer, is taking a much-needed vacation. He expects to be back in time for the fall opening, which will take place early in September.

Buyers Leave for the East

THE following buyers left last month for Eastern markets:

Mr. Chasey, men's clothing and furnishing departments.

Mr. Briggs, waists, underwear and infants' wear.

Mr. Stapells, carpets and draperies.

Mr. Harvey, furniture.

Mr. Roberts, dress goods and silks.

Mr. Secord, buyer of the ladies' ready-to-wear, returned recently from an extended visit to the Eastern markets.

Tennis

MORE than average interest is being taken in our tennis club. No less than 60 have joined. In order to accommodate the numbers who regularly go to the grounds each night for a game, we are contemplating the getting into shape of two more courts this fall.

Tournaments are now being held, and several of the events have already been played off. Final results will be given later in these columns.

Ten Hints for Salespeople

1. *Carry a smile to your work.* It's easier to be happy than morose and woe-begone. And besides the great improvement in your work you'll feel a lot better. Try smiling as a complexion improver and disposition sweetener. Nothing better.

2. *Don't be "uppish."* Nothing antagonizes a customer so quickly as a feeling that the saleswoman "looks down" on her, whether it is because she is dressed poorly or makes a small purchase or is particular to get an unusually good bargain. A superior feeling toward your customer is fatal to sales.

3. *Watch your approach.* "Rushing" a customer is as bad as "loafing" over her. Don't mumble your words or snap them. Be courteous and kindly in your manner, and your customer will be quick to respond in like manner.

4. *Don't misrepresent.* Know your merchandise so well that there will be no chance to misrepresent in ignorance. Certainly, never misrepresent in full knowledge of your error. The day of

lies and exaggerations in retailing has passed with the Dodo Bird and the Stone Age.

5. *Watch your price - quoting.* Never be half-hearted when you say, "Only 25 dollars, Madame." Be genuinely glad that you can quote so low a price. Let the value of the article seep out through your voice and manner.

6. *Be enthusiastic.* Work up enthusiasm if you haven't it, and look enthusiastic. Let your spirit permeate every sentence, until you have transferred your enthusiasm to your customer, and she is really anxious to buy.

7. *Watch your promises.* Just as bad as promising nothing is promising too much. If the color of your merchandise is "fast," don't be afraid to emphasize this. But if it isn't, avoid such a statement. Don't promise quick delivery to "clinch" a sale, if you know that a quick delivery in this particular case is impossible.

8. *Don't talk too much.* As many sales are lost by too much talking as by too little. When the sale is finished—stop. Don't talk yourself into a sale, and then keep right on and talk yourself out of it. Avoid the unnecessary word.

9. "*Thank you.*" Cheap—but very effective. A smiling "Thank you," at the end of a sale paves the way for your next sale to the same customer either the same day or at some future time.

10. *Don't knock your store.* Maybe this sounds superfluous, but it isn't. Don't criticize the store even to other saleswomen. It warps your whole attitude and makes it difficult for you to succeed. If there is something you believe is wrong about the store's policies, don't be afraid to take it right up to Headquarters. Never mope over it until it sours your whole attitude—it is bound to have an ill effect upon your sales.

HOW TO START A PARADE

Get a package about 12 inches long, and about 4 inches in diameter, and have it wrapped so that one end comes down to a long tapering point.

Then put the package under your arm and start down the street.

That's all!!!

The Cost of Landing Merchandise

By SIDNEY KAUFMAN

NOTE—This is the first of a series of articles by H.B.C. stores traffic managers. Mutual exchange of plans and methods found effective at the various stores cannot but be beneficial. Traffic managers of the Company are requested to contribute to this department regularly. Discuss your problems in this column.

ANYTHING that affects the cost of landing merchandise naturally is of most serious concern to the traffic managers of the Company's many department stores, more particularly so in these times of retrenchment and economizing when goods must be sold as low as cost will permit.

There is borne in upon us every day the necessity for watching the small things as well as the larger items which control the cost of doing business.

By making use of his intimate knowledge of the various freight classifications and by insisting that vendors properly pack merchandise consigned to the Company and properly describe the goods on bills of lading—by closely checking weights of shipments and placing claims carefully, the wideawake H.B.C. traffic man may not only save a considerable expense for his store, but render assistance toward the eventual reduction of freight rates.

Here are some of the important factors of efficient shipping and handling of goods purchased for H.B.C. stocks:

Proper Covering—That freight rates are considerably influenced by the kind of outside covering used to carry merchandise does not seem to be recognized by some shippers in Canada, and a careful study of this condition by the consignee will result in a decided saving of freight charges. Here is an actual example of improper covering being used to ship wool yarn. The yarn was shipped in cartons, not complying with Rule 14 of the Freight Classifications. A charge of 75c. was made to the Company by the supplier for each carton. The freight rate was one and one-half times first-class, or $4.34 per hundred pounds. When this was called to the attention of the shipper, this merchandise was afterwards shipped in crates, which are returnable at fourth-class rate. Moreover, the crates were supplied free of charge. The wool yarn so packed is entitled to second-class rate, or \$2.19½ per hundred pounds, making a saving of \$2.14½ per hundred pounds on this one small item.

Proper Description on Bill of Lading—As the consignee, in this country, usually prepays freight charges, shippers are not careful with descriptions of merchandise on bills of lading, and this point should be checked by traffic man of the consignee. As an example, a shipment of five cases of merchandise, weight 1040 pounds, was billed as *five* cases of dry goods at first-class rate, L. & R. Charges were \$27.35. The shipment actually consisted of *three* cases of dry goods, weight 350 pounds, and two cases wool yarn, weight 690 pounds, entitled to second-class rate. An overcharge of \$3.00 was caused through an error by somebody in shippers' employ.

Checking Weights of Shipments—If this is done conscientiously it will not only result in many corrections of E|B—the weight often being over—but will also indicate if a case has been pilfered in transit, when from the appearance of the case a clear receipt would be given for it.

In connection with this item, our experience is that shippers in many instances do not show the weight on the bill of lading, and suggestions regarding a way to overcome this neglect would be appreciated.

Claims as they Affect Freight Rates—The transportation companies pay out large sums each year for loss and damage claims. Of course, this item is taken into consideration when fixing freight rates.

From data gathered by the writer it is evident that in nearly all instances of shortages of, or damage to, merchandise, the claim is lodged with the carriers, who in some instances are not responsible and should not be asked to reimburse for the loss.

When a package of goods is opened in the receiving room, and from appearance the case is full and has not been tampered with, but is short, claim should be lodged with *shipper*. When merchandise is damaged owing to insufficient or faulty packing, it is not fair to claim on the railway company. As this is a large item affecting the rates on various lines of merchandise handled by the railways, it follows that in time, when the transportation companies find the expense created by loss and damage claims decreases, the rates will correspondingly decrease and so benefit the community as a whole.

Reorganize H. B. C. Stores Administration

Two Assistant Commissioners Assume Management under New Administration Plan—A Stores Committee Created

THAT the appointment of a new stores commissioner will be left in abeyance and that the stores department will be carried on under two assistant stores commissioners, with headquarters at Winnipeg, is the plan of administration announced by the Hudson's Bay Company to take effect from July 1st.

James S. Braidwood, formerly chief inspector of the stores department, and J. M. Gibson, formerly general manager of the Calgary retail store, have been appointed assistant stores commissioners. Mr. Braidwood will supervise matters pertaining to finance and accounting; Mr. Gibson will have supervision of merchandise, buying, selling, and administration of the Company's ten departmental stores and five wholesale branches in Western Canada.

H. H. Hollier has been made merchandise superintendent for the Hudson's Bay store chain and will superintend this branch of the work under the assistant stores commissioners.

W. M. McLean, who has received the appointment of secretary of the stores department will have charge of the administration offices and staff, under the assistant stores commissioners.

A stores committee has been created, composed of the assistant commissioners, Messrs. Braidwood and Gibson, and Messrs. H. H. Hollier, merchandise superintendent; W. S. Lecky, of the executive department; H. T. Lockyer, general manager Vancouver retail; Fletcher Sparling, general manager Calgary retail; C. W. Veysey, general manager Winnipeg wholesale.

These important appointments from its own staff reflect the policy of the Company in promoting within the service.

Golf Makes Many Converts

Burbidge Cup Handicap Competition Brings Out a Large Field of Contestants

By JIGGER

GOLF this year has not only maintained its former level of popularity among the Company's people throughout the West; it has made startling inroads among the ranks of those who heretofore looked upon the royal and ancient outdoor pastime variously as "an old man's game," "an expensive frivolity," or a "time-wasting, futile pursuit fit only for archaic Scotsmen."

Increasing numbers of H. B. C. employees evidently are becoming "sold" on the idea that golf embodies the quintessence of honorable sport. Former scoffers have learned that golf quickens interest in the great out-of-doors (there is so much landscape thrown in); that golf strengthens veracity, develops patience and trains the concentrative faculty; that golf is a great stimulator of physical fitness and adds much to the virility of the language.

It is not surprising, therefore, that so many H.B.C. employees entered the handicap competitions played off at branches all over the west during August for the Burbidge cup. Qualifying rounds were played off in July, and the scores of all entrants, covering eighteen holes, were sent to Mr. Burbidge at Victoria, who computed and assigned the various handicaps.

As the report of scores made by all contestants was not available for this issue, the results of the competition will appear later in these columns.

We Feel This Way Sometimes

"Father," asked the small boy, of an editor, "is Jupiter inhabited?"

"I don't know, my son," was the truthful answer.

"Father, are there any sea serpents?"

"I don't know, my son."

"Father, what does the North Pole look like?" But, alas, again the answer: "I don't know, my son."

At last, in desperation, he inquired with withering emphasis:

"Father, how ever did you get to be an editor?"

"I hate to be a kicker;
I generally stand for peace,
But the wheel that does the squeaking
Is the wheel that gets the grease."

Youthful Portraits

FOLLOWING is the key to first of our series of "Youthful Portraits," in July issue, showing members of H.B.C. staffs as they were at earlier ages:

Portrait No. 1—John T. Lidstone, buyer, crockery dept., Kamloops, B.C., at 16 years of age.

Portrait No. 2—W. R. Ogston, acting general manager, Winnipeg retail store, at 18 months.

Portrait No. 3—Clifton Thomas, publicity department, Winnipeg, at 4 years of age.

Wanted to Be Helpful

"No, we haven't had any for a long time."

The department manager, standing near by, stepped forward hurriedly.

"No, madam, but we can get it for you quickly, I am sure," he said.

"How splendid!" she exclaimed, and laughing, left the store.

The manager, with a feeling all was not right, asked the new clerk what it was they "hadn't had for a long time."

"She said we had not had any rain recently," replied the clerk.

In the Good Old Days

Ladies wore bustles.
Nobody swatted the fly.
Nobody had appendicitis.
Nobody wore white shoes.
Cream was 5 cents a pint.
Most young men had "livery bills."
Doctors wanted to see your tongue.
Milk shake was a favorite drink.
Advertisers did not tell the truth.
Nobody cared for the price of gasoline.
Farmers came to town for their mail.
The hired girl drew one-fifty a week.
Strawstacks were burned instead of baled.
Publishing a country newspaper was not a business.
People thought English sparrows were "birds."
Jules Verne was the only convert to the submarine.
There were no Bolshevists nor international anarchists.

Fulfill-Promise-Land

By Bramleykite

By jove I like that Canada;
I like the way she feels;
I like her mountain grandeur
And her bread-producing fields.

I like the way they grasp your hand
And look you in the eye;
I like the inborn knack they have
Of always standing by.

I like that Fulfil-Promise-Land,
And with this little boost,
I send regards across the line
Where manhood rules the roost.

WINNIPEG

Retail Store News

One of the last public duties performed by Mr. Sparling, before leaving for the West, was the presentation of long service buttons to five members of the store staff. The honored veterans were:

R. Hoccon, twenty years.
P. L. Goody, eighteen years.
J. G. Parkinson, seventeen years.
R. Hardiman, sixteen years.
C. Robinson, seventeen years.

Mr. Sparling was guest of honor at a farewell function in the lunch room of the store August 12th, when he was presented with a handsome wardrobe trunk and a travelling bag by the employees prior to his departure to assume the managership of the Calgary store.

The presentation was made by Miss Frances Smith, of the china department, as senior buyer.

We regret to report the death, on July 28th, of Mr. Leckie, salesman in the carpet department. Appendicitis was the cause of his death, which occurred with startling suddenness a few days after an operation.

A thought which should cheer us at this moment is that our Welfare Society was able to comfort his last hours and ease the sorrow of his wife and family by kind deeds and help willingly given.

Man of Mystery

NUMEROUS people in the store have received post cards from various points in the United States—Chicago, Pittsburg, Baltimore, Buffalo, New York and Philadelphia—from Mr. Pugsley. Now that the secret is out, we extend hearty good wishes to our former fellow worker and erstwhile editor of this page, Elmer Pugsley, on his appointment to the post of advertising man for the Duffy-Powers store at Rochester, New York.

carnival and sports of the Grand Beach Community Club—the discoverer to receive a handsome prize.

The Man of Mystery turned out to be none other than Tom Johnson, of the men's clothing department, who has a camp at the Beach. We did hear it rumored that no less than three flappers disputed the honor of making the discovery. Tom must have been very careless in "tipping the wink."

James Tait, manager of the stables for a number of years, has left to take charge of the equipment of the City Dairy company. A true horse lover, Jim should be quite happy in his new position.

Mr. and Mrs. Drennan entertained the office staff at a "miscellaneous shower," Friday evening, August 12th, in honor of Miss Emily Wellard, a bride-elect of this month. Miss Wellard has been with the accountant's office more than five years, and her cheerful personality will be missed by all her fellow workers. They take this further opportunity of wishing her every happiness in her new venture.

New Arrivals

SINCE our last issue the stork has paid visits to the homes of the following:

Mr. Craig Brown, men's clothing, a girl.
Mr. Fred Parker, wallpaper, a girl.
Mr. T. Reith, advertising, a boy.

Congratulations are extended to these worthy members of our big store, and a bright future predicted for the new little folk.

The Lake Trip to Norway House proved popular this summer. Among others, Miss McCheyne, buyer of millinery, reports spending an enjoyable time on this trip. Miss Boake was the latest to make the journey.

Mr. Davidson is a new addition to the staff in charge of windows and display. The fine appearance of the store's windows reflects great credit on his

Another Mystery Man was located at Grand Beach, Saturday, August 14th. This was a feature of the big

previous experience in the States and with other large stores in Winnipeg. *We note that* in the men's doubles

tennis competition Mr. Ogston and Mr. Kauffman are teaming together. They should walk away with the *heavyweight* prize. One of their opponents in the first round is little Alex Thompson of the wholesale. We predict they will know they have been in a tennis game when Alex gets through.

Mr. T. Reith, who succeeded Mr. Pugsley in charge of the advertising department, is already turning out work of a quality creditable to a veteran ad-man.

Shower of China

A SHOWER of "Bridal Wreath" china was given in honor of Miss A. McKenzie at the home of Mrs. Percy Youell, 210 Hill street, Norwood, Friday evening. Miss McKenzie, who has been in the Hudson's Bay Company drapery workroom for a number of years, received the gifts under a large white bell, little Dorothy Youell as a miniature bride, presenting them from a prettily decorated basket. Miss McKenzie was also the recipient of a Jacobean table from the staff of the house furnishing department and workrooms. Refreshments, music and fortune telling contributed to a pleasant evening. Those assisting were Mrs. Anderson, Matthews, Wiggins, Harding, Smith, Haven, Normandeau and Elverum, and Misses Jenkinson, Bens, O'Grady, Mills, Smith, Craig, Pardo, Hutchinson, McLeod, Carson, Nichol, McPhee, Gilson, Boake, Gorman, Myers, Woodhead, Livingstone, Burnside, Smale, Scotland and Foulds; also Mr. and Mrs. Healy and Mr. Ashbrook.

Mr. Ogston Takes Helm

W. R. OGSTON, formerly merchandise manager of the store, last month received the appointment of acting general manager to succeed Mr. Sparling.

Mr. Ogston came to the store in 1915. He has been successively credit manager, accountant, sales and service man-

THOMAS H. NICHOLS and "Elizabeth" 'way out in Alberta. Mr. Nichols is the land department traveling representative, with headquarters at Lloydminster. Tom spent half a day cleaning the mud off his car so she would look presentable in The Beaver.

LAND DEPT. NEWS

THE land department staff went a-picnicing to a shady dell in East Kildonan, June 25th.

After an abundance of good things to eat, races, baseball and other games were indulged in. Everybody, not excepting the land commissioner himself, joined heartily in the fun. For greater athletic leeway, some of the girls appeared in their "gym" suits. Mr. B. Everitt, country gentleman, who convened the expedition, had picketed the cow so she could not horn in to the proceedings.

Mr. G. L. Bellingham and Mr. Wm. Everitt spent last month in Ottawa in connection with the checking up of the Company's land balance with the Dominion Government.

The land commissioner travelled to Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, July 30th, on Company's business.

Mr. Trevor Whisson was recently admitted, on probation, to the Moustache Club.

Many of our girls are frantically trying to grow back the shorn tresses that were so ruthlessly "bobbed" in response to Dame Fashion's recent whim. Others are holding down the ager and merchandise manager.

He entered the Company's service as an apprentice clerk (Fur Trade Department) in 1902 at York Factory and was at one time manager at Fort Severn.

flying strands with hair nets.

A CLEAN JOKE

"May I hold your palm Olive?"
"Not on your life Buoy!"

PULLING FOR
IMPERIAL MIXTURE

WHOLESALE DEPOT entered this unique float in the Winnipeg Travellers' Parade June 25th and came off with second prize. The occupants of the York boat so effectively disguised as Factors, Indians and Rivermen are in real life: H. Pitts, W. Agland, C. Skimmings, T. Pott, A. J. Heaney, W. McDonald, D. Casey, J. Seaborn, G. Prieur, R. Findlay.

H.B.C. vs. Eaton's

IN their first inter-club tourney, players from the Hudson's Bay Company's Tennis Association met the racquet wielders from T. Eaton & Company, on Monday, July 25th.

Out of ten matches played, H.B.C. players won 4 and their opponents 6.

Half of the matches were played on the local grounds and half on the Eaton Athletic Association courts. The tournament was the beginning of what is expected to develop into periodical competitions between H.B.A.A. and the sports enthusiasts of other Winnipeg firms.

The annual competitions among employees of all departments of the Company at Winnipeg are under way as we go to press. Results of the eliminations and the champions will be shown later in these columns.

SERVICE

The first basic principle of success is Service. You succeed in proportion to your ability to serve.

The whole structure of society is based on Service as an ideal. Therefore, you

Determination

By J. M. GIBSON

FROM wagon boy to assistant stores commissioner seems a long, long trail, but its the easiest snagless road for times that call for "real determination"

—Determination to do the job as if the whole institution depended upon it.

—Determination not to chum with the clock.

—Determination to ignore the knockers, the time-wasters and the ever-to-be-under dogs.

—Determination to seek the knowledge that the fellow higher up possesses.

Life

Two words were born twins—"I" and "Am."

There are two powers that co-operate—"I" and "Can."

There are two ideas that work together—"I" and "Do."

There are two thoughts that conceive and bear fruit—"I" and "Know."

There are two spirits that make harmony—"I" and "Will."

There are two infinities that coincide—"I" and "God."

London Warehouse Staff

H.B.C. WAREHOUSE STAFF at 1 Lime

should look upon your work as an opportunity to serve other people.

This is simply the principle of the Golden Rule in business. Think less about the money you are earning or hope to earn and seek, first of all, to give Service unexcelled, and in so far as you are able to give such Service, you will be well rewarded; this is a law of life. *O. S. Rappold.*

H·Street E. C.,London. These men send greetings across the sea: Back row, left to right—Garratt, Marshall, Badge, W. Witteridge, A. Faux, Bunch, Garland, Ward, Haynes, Bland, F. Witteridge, Bowen, Casemore. Front row, left to right—Smith, Grogan, F. Witteridge Sr., Bentley, J. Faux.

CALGARY

Retail Store News

WHOLESALE TOBACCO DEPARTMENT staff of H. B. C. at Calgary are here shown posing for The Beaver in the bright Alberta sunshine atop the Company's ***big*** *department store. The individuals are: Standing—J. P. Berube, H. J. Scott, H. A. Macdonald, H. Black, J. L. McIlhargey, C. Sherman, salesmen. Sitting—W. Grimes, E. O'Neill, N. J. Rooney, L. W. Sadler (Manager), S. Killeen, Miss Hanson, A. Cunningham.*

Annual Picnic

THE executive of our Athletic Association are all wearing smiles because of the successful picnic they arranged for the staff at Bowness Park on the afternoon of July 13th. Perhaps they would not show the old smile had it not been for the way in which the picnic and outing in general was enjoyed by the large staff. Everybody was there.

Our ever-working secretary, along with the treasurer, were responsible for the big affair going over in such grand style, and no time was spared on their part to make the first basket

Reeve started all races. Mr. McKellar was the announcer and Mr. A. Vair the clerk. The prizes in the competition consisted of a camera and a set of pipes, donated by Mr. Hollier, and silver engraved spoons.

The program follows:

Women's Swimming Race, 25 yards, Miss Mulligan.
Men's Swimming Race, 25 yards, Mr. Shields.
Women's Candle Race, Mrs. Adshead.
Women's Boat Race, 25 yards, Miss Mulligan and Miss Humphrey.
Men's Canoe Race, 100 yards, Ward Dexter.
Men's Canoe Race, double paddles, Ward Dexter and Lou Doll.

The single men of the store league baseball team defeated the married men by a score of 10-6.

Fruits of Labor Bring Own Reward

MR. J. M. GIBSON, our general manager, severed his connection with the Calgary store last month to take up high duties in the Company's service.

We like to think that Mr. Gibson is one of us. He was once a boy in a store. He dusted shelves and kept stock. He served behind the counter and waited upon the fickle, uncertain public. His hours, too, were very much longer than ours. He, in turn, became a clerk, assistant buyer, buyer, merchandise manager, advertising manager and general manager.

That's why I say he's one of us; knows our troubles and our ambitions; knows, too, the possibilities for pro-picnic and water sports the best ever. There is no doubt that this picnic will be continued each year; in fact, another one, next month say, would be welcomed by the staff.

The committee in charge was composed of F. R. Reeve, R. W. Mason, Sam McKellar, R. W. Gibson and Lou Doll. Mrs. McKay, Miss Adams and Miss Carolyn O'Neill acted as judges for the women's races. Mr.

motion that exist for each one of us.

Mr. Gibson says that his promotion was not rapid. It came slowly, but surely. It was an ability to stay in the one line of business at the one job, and to concentrate on it, that won for him the steps that have led to his present high position in the Company's service. To quote his own words: "I kept my eyes off the clock and on the job."

There's nothing to prevent any one

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of us from imitating such an example. Opportunities are just as good today as they ever were, and the Company's policy of keeping promotion within the ranks should act as an added incentive to our efforts.

Presentation to Mr. Gibson

IN an official farewell to Mr. J. M. Gibson on leaving Calgary store to take up the duties of assistant stores commissioner at Winnipeg, the staff and managers gathered on the main floor and presented him with a mahogany chest of silver and an illuminated address.

Mr. J. S. Smith, merchandise manager, made the presentation on behalf of the staff, and in the course of his remarks, pointed out that it represented a token of esteem and respect from 100 per cent. of the employees. Mr. Gibson, in his reply, emphasized that he appreciated far more than the intrinsic worth of the presentation the fact that the staff were unanimous in their expression of goodwill towards him.

Snapshots of the Picnic

Who was the third floor man who persisted in bathing from the canoe with his clothes on.?

Who moved the landing stage when Miss Adams stepped from the boat?

W. R. K. is the hero. He rescued a damsel in distress.

Who was the man that tipped the canoe and thought he was drowned until he was told to stand up?

Kitson and Benson are of an affectionate disposition; they hugged the

Colin Kerr Dies

Colin Kerr

THE store mourns one of its oldest and best-liked employees, who has passed on. Colin Kerr entered the Company's service in the old Calgary store sixteen years ago as office boy, and worked his way up to the position of chief accountant in the new store.

His death came as a distinct shock to all his friends, as he had been in the store only two days previously, and was then thought to have recovered from the illness which had held him at home for three weeks.

The Adventures of Sales Book No. 666

(*Continued from July issue*)

BELIEVE me, I was relieved when everything began to go well with me after the mishaps I have told you of, and I began to feel quite pleased with myself and my owner, as she seemed to have turned over a new leaf and was making some good sales.

However, in the afternoon there were several people waiting to be attended to and in her haste making out Slip No. 29 she wrote the amount, $13.28, so badly that at first glance it looked more like $15.28. The customer tendered a $20 bill, and when the cashier gave the change it was as I expected, $2 short; but unfortunately neither the customer nor the clerk noticed the error.

Just before closing time the customer 'phoned the department and tried to make them understand that bank during the canoe race.

The ladies' boat race was one on "Mulligan Stew."

The G.M. is as good an oarsman as he is a dancer.

Jimmie Bodel says, "Bring on your picnics; I can stand lots more boating."

Julia says; "Why use two sandwiches when one will do for two?"

Mrs. Reeve says: "My next husband is not going to be secretary of the H.B.A.A.A.'"

she had been short-changed $2. She was asked to come in in the morning. Next morning when she came in (possibly at inconvenience to herself) a floorman was called and, after the whole transaction was explained, he took the customer to the adjustment bureau, where it had to be explained again. The adjuster, after asking the customer to wait, had to refer to the head cashier to have the cashier's deposit checked, and to the audit department to have the saleslips for the day added, and after comparing the

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totals it was found that the cash was $2 over. So he was then able to make a refund to the customer, who through the carelessness of my owner, had to make a special trip to the store and spend half an hour waiting until the mistake was rectified.

(*To be concluded*)

Wedding

Miss Breckenbridge, of the credit office, was married to Mr. William W. Carter, on July 6th, at Knox Church. After the wedding, Mr. and Mrs. Carter left for Edmonton and Wabum lake to spend their honeymoon. On their return they will reside in Calgary.

On Tuesday, June 28th, a miscellaneous shower was given in her honor at the home of Miss Irene McLaughlin, also of the credit office. Those present were Misses I. McLaughlin, E. McLaughlin, J. McColl, L. Proctor, A. Cameron, N. Morris, L. Francis, E. Francis, I. Waite, M. Thompson, M. Van Loo, C. Rankin and J. Wordle.

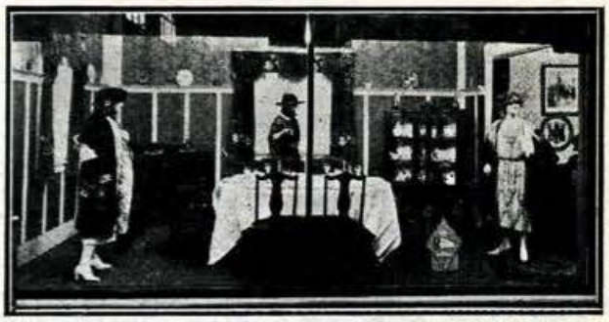
The credit and accounting staff presented her with a reading lamp on the eve of her marriage.

Waterton Lakes

By F. R. REEVE

FOR a really enjoyable, "back-to-nature" holiday few districts excel Waterton lakes, down on the Alberta-Montana border. It is one of those places that has not yet been spoiled by being brought in touch by rail. The nearest station is twenty-seven miles away. It is the one summer

and had to be content with a modest three-pounder. The park is a part of the Canadian National Reserve, and is in charge of a chief superintendent and a staff of rangers and wardens.



One of the Calgary Store's Special Windows for Industrial Fair

Industrial Fair

H.B.C. exhibits this year were better than have been known at any previous exhibition. They were the subject of much favorable comment, both by the newspapers and public. The McLagan phonograph exhibition was awarded second prize, and the guessing contest with the McLagan phonograph resulted in 2100 guesses being submitted as to how long the motor would run on one winding.

From this list we have obtained over 200 live prospects who do not yet own a phonograph, this being one of the answers that were required to enter the guessing contest.

Buyers Lately Gone to Market

THE following Calgary buyers left

resort of Alberta where it is almost necessary, in fact desirable, that one take along all camping equipment and food.

There is an hotel there, but the accommodation is limited. The lake is situated right in the Rockies, surrounded by natural forest growth to the water's edge, and offers ideal facilities to all campers.

From the standpoint of a fisherman it is a "perfect paradise." The lake seems to be teeming with fish of the pike, lake trout and grayling varieties. Record catches have been made at Waterton lakes. A week previous to my visit there, a forty-pounder was landed. I, however, had no such luck,

for the Eastern markets last month for fall goods:

Name	Department	Left
Mr. Ross	*Millinery*	*July 28*
G. Salter	*Furniture*	*July 23*
Miss Adams	*Gloves, Jewelery and Leather Goods*	*July 30*
Miss Patton	*Hosiery*	*July 30*
Mrs. McKay	*Laces, Neckwear, Notions*	*July 31*
Mr. Bower	*Men's Furnishings*	*July 30*
Mr. Hayes	*Men's, Boys' Cloth.*	*July 30*
Mr. Brennand	*Music, Art Needle Work*	*July 30*
Mr. Plows	*Carpets, Draperies*	*July 30*
Mr. Keith	*Children's Wear, Blouses*	*July 30*
Mr. MacDonald	*Corsets, Ladies' Underwear*	*July 30*
Mr. Mulholland	*Dress Goods, Silks, Staples*	*Aug. 1*

Hints for Buyers

The trials of a buyer form the basis of a humorous skit that is making the rounds of the store newspapers published by department stores. The title reads: "Good Health Hints to Buyers." The "advice" follows:

"Rise at 6 a.m. Stand in the middle of the room, raise arms slowly above the head, take a deep breath and say, 'Drat the advertising department'—lower arms in attitude of deepest despair.

"Extend body flat downward on floor. cover eyes with hands, kick heels and concentrate on employment department. Weep until dry.

"Kneel, wring hands and meditate upon the receiving department and groan about fifty times.

"Assume sitting posture, grab head with both hands, sway to and fro and 'bless' the credit office. Repeat twenty-nine times.

"Collapse on the floor—consider the income tax and gnash your teeth."

How the World Sleeps

Most people sleep on their sides, with knees drawn up.

Elephants always, and horses commonly, sleep standing up.

Birds, with the exception of owls and the hanging parrots of India, sleep with their heads turned tailward over the back, and the beak thrust among the feathers between the wing and body.

THE STORY OF SILK

By J. A. MIGEL

PART II.

IN his famous list of test questions, Thomas A. Edison has brilliantly illustrated the difference between "book" facts and live facts.

Book facts include reference information and historical dates—usually obtainable by intelligent people without difficulty. Live facts belong to our daily work and are part of ourselves. They are like tools or instruments—indispensable in the correct performance of our duties.

I need hardly define the type of facts about silk which I include in my second article. I have been careful to select from a vast fund of information only those salient points which are helpful in the day's work and by means of which we can do our work more effectively.

In my opinion, the most important things to master are the primary fabrics. I have selected the following standard types. The first five belong to the taffeta family, although they differ in appearance and texture.

Crepe de Chines—They are all piece dyed (that is to say, dyed after having been woven), and in the best grades are notably durable.

Taffeta Silks—A plain silk weave. Yarn dyed (that is to say, the yarn is dyed before the fabric is woven).

Silk and Wool Poplins—All piece dyed or yarn dyed, silk warp and wool filled; a very soft material which will the feathers between the wing and body.

Storks, gulls, and other long-legged birds sleep standing on one foot.

Ducks sleep on open water. To avoid drifting shoreward, they keep paddling with one foot, thus making themselves move in a circle.

Sloths sleep hanging by their four feet, the head tucked in between their forelegs.

Foxes and wolves sleep curled up, their noses and the soles of their feet close together, and blanketed by their bushy tails.

Hares, snakes, and fish sleep with their eyes wide open.

Owls, in addition to their eyelids, have a screen that they draw sideways across their eyes to shut out the light, for they sleep in the daytime.

give excellent service.

Silk Failles—Both yarn and piece dyed, all silk and, in the best qualities, are notably durable.

Habutai Silks or Pongee—Largely used for undergarments. A plain silk weave, piece dyed. White and all solid colors.

Twills—Fine twills form the basis of special quality fabrics, such as moonglo meteor from which high grade underthings are made. Fine twills are mostly piece dyed; the coarser twills are either piece or yarn dyed. Twills also form the basis for foulard. Foulard is really a printed twill.

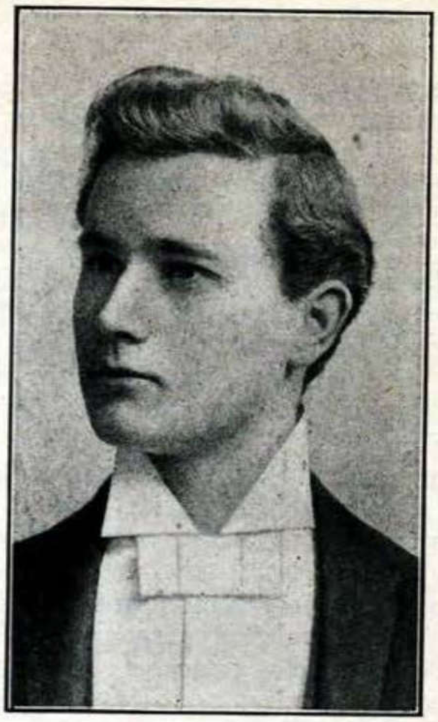
Fancy Weaves—So called because they are combinations of weaves woven on shafts and Jacquard looms. Both yarn and piece dyed.

Printed Silks—Both yarn and piece dyed silks are printed in the warp and then woven. The piece dyed silks are printed on the surface. Before the introduction of roller printing all the textile printing was done by hand with blocks of wood on the face of which the patterns to be printed were worked out in relief. There were separate blocks for each color in the design. The blocks, after being inked, were pressed on the goods. In China and Japan the printing of silk is done largely by the use of stencils. Block printing is still in use and preferable for high class printing.

Satin Charmeuse—A soft clinging satin, all piece dyed; also charmeuse satin, crepe back, piece dyed and, in the best qualities, notably durable.

There is a common belief that yarn dyed goods are not as durable as piece dyed goods; but, like everything else, it depends on individual cases. I need hardly remind you that the wedding dresses worn by our grandmothers were all yarn dyed and are still rather durable today.

On this whole subject of durability, I would like to introduce a word of caution. Some weaves have an inherent weakness, one example being silk faille. Durability depends largely on the amount of silk used, and it is a pretty safe formula in our work to remember that "little silk, little wear." We may buy crepe de chine at $1.25 a yard, also at $3.00 a yard or more;



YOUTHFUL PORTRAIT
No. 7

Who is it? Send in your guess and watch for name next month.

Lord Selkirk

PATRIOT AND COLONIZER

Continued from page four

razing of Fort Gibraltar is another act to be appended to the misdemeanors of the Semple-Robertson party.

June 19th, 1816, was the dark day of the settlement. The North-Westers, taffeta at $1.00 a yard, also at $2.50. In a technical sense, the taffeta weave is the most durable, but here again it depends on the quality.

Some weave names have been somewhat over-worked. Take as an example, messaline. When this weave was introduced some fifteen years ago, it sold at $3.00 to $4.00 a yard. Today it may be procured as low as 75c. The answer is that today there is a great deal less silk in this weave.

In view of this fact, it follows that a manufacturer of high quality goods makes a mistake in using the technical names of weaves merely for selling purposes. These technical terms do not imply quality. In fact, aside from designing the nature of the weave, they mean nothing to a purchaser.

In my third article I will define in a more detailed manner the fabrics we have discussed here.

whose ranks were extended by various halfbreed and Indian groups, commanded by Cuthbert Grant, marched from Qu'Appelle to Portage la Prairie and thence towards the settlement. Their intentions were not then clearly defined to the settlers. It was quite natural in any case that Semple should have attributed to them a determination to recover their dismantled forts at the forks and at Pembina, and perhaps to ruin the settlement. They approached in a half-moon formation upon the settlers who were in the angle between the two rivers. Semple approached the forces, angry words were exchanged. Semple was killed, together with a number of settlers. Fort Douglas was occupied, and the North-Westers were supreme in the district.

The disaster of Seven Oaks was not known to Selkirk until he arrived at

Sault Ste. Marie on his way to For William that summer. At Montreal the position of the Hudson's Bay Company had improved. Lord Selkirk, in the spring, set out for the settlement by way of the Great Lakes. After great difficulty and disaffection, he secured a guard of De Meurons, so named from the colonel of their regiment, and set out with a party of about a hundred men. Officially, Canada was not on his side. Sir Gordon Drummond, the Governor General, was openly in sympathy with the North-Westers.

At Fort William, Selkirk, fully conscious of the disaster to his settlement, and intimately acquainted with his opponents' designs, proceeded to deal with them in a summary way. Prompt action alone could save the situation, he reasoned. Daniel McKenzie, a disaffected and drunken North-Wester, was in charge of supplies. With him Selkirk entered into a specious agreement, whereby he got control of their supplies. McGillivray, whom he arrested, surrendered quietly. Soon the whole situation was reversed, but the methods employed were to weigh heavily against Selkirk when North-West lobbying was resumed at the foreign office.

On May day, 1817, Selkirk first appeared among his settlers. The story

settlement, but failed at the foreign office at home. The litigation which followed had little of practical importance, but Selkirk's influence was weakened, his work was interrupted, and his reputation was dragged in the mud of conflicting commercial interests. A union between the North-Westers and his Company became a subject of negotiation. This Selkirk set himself against as a matter of principle. He could not abandon the settlement to their avowed enemies. He returned to England, worn by exposure, the victim of a dreaded disease.

Even this fatal malady had one feature of kindness in its cruelty. The physical factors over which he had little control were working towards union—a union that was to enamel the wrongs already covered over. One year after his death the union of the Hudson's Bay and North-West companies was consummated. His ever loyal, helpful and abiding Countess watched the mists gather round his broken spirit. He died, the friend of the settlement and the uncompromising foe of those he conceived to be its enemies.

The comment of his father, when writing him in 1793, may well be recalled:—"I have known many lads of sixteen who, as the vulgar saying is, could have bought and sold you in a appeared among his settlers. The stars of good fortune seemed to hang about the colony. A happy and contented settlement in Kildonan began to organize their church and schools. The personal qualities of its founder and presiding genius inspired co-operative strength and solidarity. The Indians, more responsive than the winter partners to the dignified and courtly bearing of a Scottish nobleman, gave more than formal assurance of their loyalty. When he negotiated a treaty with them they called him their "Silver Chief."

A warrant for his arrest was now obtained in Upper Canada, and served upon him at Fort William. In contrast to McGillivray, he resisted arrest. This was useful to his enemies. From the foreign office, where the North-Westers were not idle, came the fatal despatch from Lord Bathurst, ordering that an indictment should be prepared against the Earl at once.

Selkirk won at Montreal, won at Fort William, won gloriously on his

could have bought and sold you in a market." It wasn't conceivable to those traders that a man could have other than selfish motives. To them he was indeed a stranger, and they took him in.

It was just 101 years, the 8th of April since Selkirk died at Pau in France. Time is on his side. After another half century of neglect, the northwest, which he estimated would be capable of producing for thirty millions of people, is almost ready to fulfil his prophecy. His settlement is now the arch of confederated Canada.

A country needs a tyrant seldom, great statesmen sometimes, great characters always. It is the memory of such personal figures as Selkirk that will hang the empire's night with stars. By men of his vision, its boundaries have been widened; through men of his integrity, we may hope they will be maintained. In devotion to duty, he fought for a principle; fought up hill, to be beaten in the end. All the way it was a plucky and clean fight.

His great mistake at Fort William was due to his over zeal for decency and right. In the words of Burke, "He pushed justice too far." It is no more than his modest portion to ascribe to him the saving of one of the most productive and progressive areas of this Dominion to the sovereignity of the British crown.

The Vanished Buffalo Herds of North America

(*Continued from July Issue*)

Buffalo differ from cattle more in outward appearance than in reality. They have fourteen pairs of ribs instead of thirteen. Spines rise from the shoulder vertebrae, giving a place of attachment for the immense muscles of the neck, and imparting the hunched appearance of the forequarters.

The head is broad. It is armed with short, outwardly curved horns and covered with a shaggy mop of hair almost concealing a pair of little eyes. The hair is crisp and woolly, easily woven into cloth or twisted into ropes. A well-grown female weighs 1200 pounds; the male not infrequently attains a weight of 2000 pounds.

ranges found it expedient to follow the pathways of this native engineer. Coyotes and wolves followed these migrations to drag down calves, spent buffalo, or some chance male wounded in a contest with his rivals, and buzzards kept a lookout for a share in the spoils. In fly time the buffalo was fond of a wallow in the mud, or of throwing sand and gravel over himself by pawing or tossing his horns. Settlers find buffalo bones in the swamps they now drain for meadows. Buffalo pits worn by ages of pawing and scraping may still be seen.

The buffalo has played no small part in the life of the Western Indian, taking the place of the Virginia deer of the Atlantic coast and forest region. Buffalo meat—fresh, smoked, dried, or converted into pemmican—furnished the staple and often the sole article of food. The Indian made his moccasins of buffalo hide and slept between buffalo robes. The Mandan crossed the Missouri in buffalo-hide canoes like the coracle of the ancient Briton.

During the Indian summer an Indian band gave itself up to a buffalo hunt. Mounted on his well-trained pony, which he guided with his knees, the warrior dashed into the herd, racing along by the side of a selected animal attains a weight of 2000 pounds.

Buffalo society was organized not unlike that of cattle. A unit consisted of a patriarchal old bull in the lead, followed by several cows and their young. Whether going to pasture or seeking water, each family followed in single file. In the spring time thousands of families marched in search of new pastures, forming vast herds extending farther than the eye could reach. On the approach of winter these nomadic animals again turned southward, or retired into the sheltered valleys of the rivers and mountain ranges. When pursued on the plains, the buffalo ran with a lumbering gallop, holding its head so low that its front feet rose and fell past the sides of the head.

In its migrations, the buffalo swam with east and climbed with agility, but naturally followed the lines of easiest travel. Their sharp hoofs, passing and repassing in countless thousands for season after season, cut deep trails in the prairie turf and mountain passes, of which evidence may be seen to this day.

Surveyors locating a road or railway across the then unknown mountain

along by the side of a selected animal until he had brought it down with bow and arrow, then along the side of another, until the plain was strewn with carcasses for the drudging squaws to recover.

The buffalo was regularly attended by the buffalo bird, which lived on parasites picked from the thick hide of the buffalo, for which it rendered compensation by sounding the alarm if an enemy were seen in the vicinity. If the buffalo should be asleep and not heed the cry of the sentinel, the faithful bird, it is said, thrust its bill down and picked its host's ear, and thus awakened it, when they dashed off together to a place of safety.

The buffalo dance was a very peculiar one, and was indulged in by many of the Indians. Those taking part in it would paint or color all their bodies with red clay, and would wear a buffalo head or mask, which had been skinned and dried, with the horns complete, and which looked wonderfully natural; into their belts at the back they would stick the tail of the buffalo, and around their ankles they wore strips of buffalo hide.

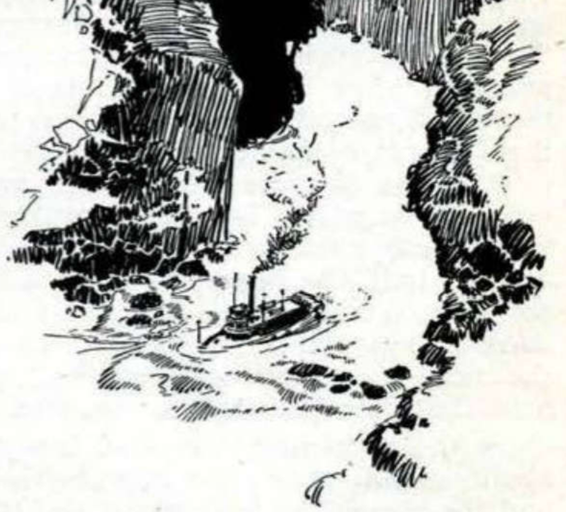
Through Boiling Waters in a Paddle-Wheel Steamer

My First Trip Through "The Little Canyon" on the Skeena River, 1894

By C. H. FRENCH,
District Manager for British Columbia

MANY years before the building of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway through British Columbia, I was engaged on transportation work for H.B.C. on the upper reaches of Skeena river, which sweeps down through the Atna Mountains to the northeast of Hazelton and debouches into the Pacific at Prince Rupert.

We had puffed laboriously upstream in our tubby little paddle-wheel steamboat until the Little Canyon came in sight. Here we found the water boil-



sight. Here we found the water hurling through narrow and precipitous walls—too high and too powerful a current for our engines to master. We laid by for a few days until the waters of the summer freshet had subsided to some extent.

The excitement—the thrill—that one gets when passing through the canyons of the Skeena is beyond word-picturing. It must be experienced to be fully realized. The Little Canyon is roughly a mile and a half in length. During high water it has three channels. The steamer "Mount Royal" was turned over and wrecked in the middle channel during high water, 1907. Six men were drowned, despite the fact that the channel is but eighty feet wide.

Entering the Little Canyon from the lower end, one gets the impression that he is starting through a subterranean passage, because of the towering, straight walls—so high that darkness appears to be gathering.

After proceeding a little further one notes that the "boils" (whirlpools) are getting larger and if you look over the side of the ship you will note that an extra large "boil" has struck the steamer right on the stem, and has caused her to settle until the water is rushing in over the bow. Suddenly the "boil" has careered the boat to one side and has shifted to her quarter. The crew, with large rope bumpers, rush to the side opposite the boil so that in case the captain is not able to straighten the boat up they will be able to swing the bumpers between the guard of the steamer and the rough, jagged walls of the canyon.

Now the "boil" has reached amidships just under where you are standing, and when you look down into it and feel the boat settling under you, you wonder if there is really any bottom to it and whether the boat will be sucked under or whether she will eventually rise.

Probably when the guard of the boat is under water and the decks are actually flooded, the boil will shift a trifle to one side. Then the boat will immediately float up and go along.

Two-thirds of the way through, the channel forks and you come to an island which has a navigable channel on each side.

If you take the north channel it is necessary to put the boat's nose close up under the island so that one of the crew can jump ashore and carry a cable up to a ringbolt, in order to hold the steamer's bow in the channel while the stern is being swung out into the current. With the aid of the capstan the boat is hauled up.

After ascending a little further, the north side shore becomes sloped at the water edge to about 45 degrees and the boat is dropped over on it where the force of the water is strong enough to force her up at least three feet on to this dangerous position, with every pound of power being exerted to keep the boat from going back, the boilers suddenly foamed and the engineer was forced to shut off the engines.

Hair stood on end, sunburned countenances paled. The deluge of boiling water that was forced through the engines and out the smokestacks was scarcely heeded because the greater danger of being smashed to pieces in the canyon so much overshadowed it.

The steamer plunged backwards. Panic was gripping us all when the engines began slowly to turn again, gradually increasing until the down river course towards destruction was arrested and we stood still.

On the opposite side of the river was a large eddy and the slight angle at which the captain held the steamer caused the swift water to set her over gradually toward this eddy and safety.

Closer and closer she worked to the haven while the engines pounded and churned, straining every atom of power sloping shore. After cables are arranged it is necessary to put heavy timbers against the shore on which heavy blocks and tackle are arranged, the fall of which is taken to the capstan and only after great power is used is the vessel shoved clear of the rocks, so that she can be hauled up further.

The boat emerges from the canyon over a large gravel bar and in order to pass here an extra heavy cable must be used to hold the steamer's prow until the stern is sufficiently far out in the current to get steering power; otherwise the boat would shoot down and go head first down through the canyon.

On the particular trip that I write about, we had swung out into the river and the signal had been given and the cable cast off. The engines were "wide open" but were not powerful enough to drive us ahead. If we went back, destruction to the boat and death to all on board was certain. The channels were not wide enough for the boat to turn, and bridging the channel meant that she would turn over and tear herself to pieces in less than five minutes.

Should we not strike a channel but go on the point of the island, the first shock would be so heavy that the boat would crumple up like a cracker box.

Imagine the dismay and terror that came over everyone when, in this

they had, in order to save us and herself from destruction.

As we neared the shore the force of the water was lessened and the boat gradually commenced to gain, increasing the rate of gain with every second, until it became evident that we were safe and bound to win out.

While all this perhaps did not take over ten minutes, the relaxation after the strain was so great that complete exhaustion overcame some of us.

Going a little further up the river, the driftwood was found to be running so thick that it was impossible to dodge it and we were compelled to tie up in a slough, as we had already seriously damaged our wheel.

Next day an Indian canoe came down the river, going at a terrific rate of speed. We endeavoured both by signs and shouting to warn the crew that they should not enter the canyon, but the only reply they gave us was to paddle harder and in a flash this large war canoe with a crew of sixteen Indians shot into the canyon out of our sight.

Neither the canoe nor any of its crew were ever found, and it can only be surmised that one of those large "boils" took the craft and held it, gradually sucking it lower until at a certain point the canoe would stand straight on end and disappear, the crew either being

held in the eddy or carried down and deposited underneath the large drift piles.

To complete the story of this trip might be tedious. It was started from Port Simpson, April 28th, 1894, and ended, after going up at Port Essington on July 25th, 1894. We took practically three months to travel the same distance that the Grand Trunk railway can travel today in fourteen hours.

I wonder if it is possible for a passenger going down the Skeena river, resting comfortably, looking from the window of an observation car, to picture in his mind the hardships that were the lot of the H.B.C. pathfinders who went before. Every point, every crook and turn, rock and Indian village, has treasures of adventure stored up. If they could only talk!

The Spectre of Fort Severn

True Story of a "Ghost" That Haunted a Fur Post in the Northland—Hudson's Bay Company Trader Tells of Mysterious Visitations

By GRAHAM SPRY

(From the Report of an H. B. C. Inspecting Officer of the fur trade)

Almost anything will recall a story. Some people, stirred by an old familiar piece of music,

the mystery that hung about its history—all these came back upon me in a surge.

see again incidents that had long lain forgotten in the shelves of memory. I am like that, and when a strong west wind, blowing through the eaves and across the verandah on which we were sitting, created an intermittent drone, like a coyote on a winter's evening, the cold snowy evening in Fort Severn, and its ghastly outcome, came back to me suddenly and with an emphasis which only a spiritual suggestion could give. That single sound, only a moment's duration, that dreary drone, recalled to me the terror, the heart-gripping sensation that seized me years before. All the sense of actuality returned; I felt that I was reverted by some superforce to the awesome position that I found myself in that season I spent with Moir in Fort Severn.

Nothing else but that single, weird drone carried me back to those days. Four of us—Sinclair, Ogston, Montucla (a Norwegian scientist) and myself (I had just arrived in the town from the northland for a few months "outside") had come together quite by accident, and wishing to chat about old times, drove out to the Lower Fort, and were spending the evening in something of the old surroundings we knew so well. For awhile the conversation dragged. Montucla was not in his usual form as a storyteller; Sinclair, a Scotsman, had little to say, and Ogston was inclined to talk shop. As for myself, the scene was sufficient pleasure, and I was content to listen.

Then that drone caught my ear. The days of fear at Fort Severn, the story of the spectre that haunted the district for nearly three years, the incidents that trappers and hunters still tell of the ghost, its final disappearance, and

"Jove! that wind makes me jump. It takes me back years to an experience I had with a ghost," I said to them.

Montucla seized the opportunity.

"Ghost? Do you really believe it was a ghost?"

"I know of no other explanation. And the tradition still lives with all who heard of it."

For a few minutes we argued about the question. Montucla, with his scientific mind, refused to credit the story. Some explanation of the whole story could be made, he said, if only someone would take the time to investigate it. I denied his claim, and, challenged, started the tale.

Away back in February, 19—, two of us were squatting in front of the fire in the store at Fort Severn, listening to the wind whistling through the trees, and droning, just as it drones here, around the corners of the building. It had been a blustery day, heavy clouds, and signs of an impending blizzard.

A heavy thud against the door startled us; we turned; the forlorn, emaciated figure of an Indian woman was dragging herself into the room. With a last effort she pulled herself inside, mumbling deliriously, and collapsed inertly on to the floor.

Once restored to consciousness, she became incoherent, raving wildly about something which was hanging in the forest. Nothing would calm her, but bit by bit we were able to gather enough information to learn that her child was in the forest. We followed her trail into the woods, and found, hanging on a willow tree, two miles below the fort, a cooking pot con-

taining broken pieces of bone. It was the remains of an infant.

Anokawin, the squaw, nourished back to health, told us the story of that cooking pot. A party of Indians, Kowtunigan, her father, and his family, had left early in the preceding fall for their hunting grounds in the interior. Bad luck had followed them; game was scarce, and the party was reduced to singeing beaver skins for food. Weakness overcame them, and they could drag themselves no further. Anokawin with her young baby, alone was able to keep going, and tried to make her way to the fort. The family died of starvation. Kowtunigan was never heard of again, and was supposed to have perished with the rest of the family. Anokawin alone survived the tragedy—she had nourished herself with the body of the dead baby.

And it was from that time the ghostly visita-

left the post, and when every hunter was miles away, a bullet crashed through the window by my bed. I dug it out of the wall. It was a slug—the kind that is used in muzzle-loaders. There was not a soul in the district that had such a gun. Several times after that, always at night, dim reports of gunshots were heard. One night I was awakened by a tremendous crash against the wall of the house just behind my head. I jumped out of bed, grabbed my Winchester and dashed out. There was not the sign nor the sound of anyone; but lying by the wall was a huge log. It had been thrown against the house like a battering ram by some power greater than human.

"Other things happened to make us all panic stricken. A pile of stove wood was upset with a crash one night, and when morning came it was found that the powder magazine had been broken into and a keg of powder was gone.

tions at the fort began. The ghastly details of Anokawin's story, the tragedy of the lost party, and the mystery surrounding the disappearance of Kowtunigan—all these things contributed to giving the fort a reputation for eerie happenings, which idle conversation did not fail to increase. The fort itself seemed overhung with that weird atmosphere, and we never heard that sound—that droning—without thinking of the experience of Anokawin.

I returned to Fort Severn in July, after spending the spring and summer at Trout Lake. Moir was in charge then and, having seen no white man for months, welcomed me with joy when I arrived. The moment I saw him, something strange about his manner impressed me. He seemed weighted down with worry, or responsibility, or fear. Yes, fear. There was that hunted look—something seemed to be depressing his spirits. And once darkness fell, he never walked ten paces without carrying his Winchester with him.

The house we were living in was divided into two sections; one used as a kitchen and storeroom and opening on to the outside, the other was a bedroom and living-room. The bed I occupied lay in the corner opposite the door leading into the kitchen. As I crawled on to this wooden bench bed, I noticed Moir was examining his rifle to see that it was loaded.

"What are you afraid of—ghosts?" I remarked to him in a jocular manner.

He started.

"Yes; and you would be, too, if you stayed around here long."

"Do you really mean to say that the place is haunted? What! Anokawin's baby?"

"I don't know; but ever since that horrible incident, some weird things have been happening. Only a few months ago, after all the Indians had not a footprint or mark of any kind left a clue to what agency was responsible for this or the other visits. The whole thing was uncanny. I did not know what to make of it, and, believe me, stuff like that can act on your nerves with bad effect. A man you can deal with, but, when nothing seems to be doing all these things, you start worrying."

I smiled rather incredulously at the stories, and thought that the lonely life he was leading had affected his mind.

"I see you do not believe me," he remarked. "Well, McKelcan from Weenusk Post was here for a while, and did not believe what I told him. He stayed here just long enough to learn I was right, then got out. He was sleeping on the bed you are sleeping on, but he only slept one night. That was sufficient to convince him that it was time to leave. He left the post next day."

Even then I doubted him, just as you doubt me now, Montucla. A peaceful, undisturbed night added further to that conviction—the conviction that the ghost story was a hallucination.

It rained heavily the next day, but cleared early in the evening, and a large, watery moon rose. Moir and I chatted for a while outside the doorway before going to bed, but we did not recall the ghost story. I say this because I want you to realize that I went to bed without any impression of ghosts. I did not think of them; my mind was clear.

I fell asleep shortly after midnight. Suddenly, I found myself sitting up in bed, wide awake, every sense alert, and the impression that something was trying to grab me. I woke up just as clear-minded as I am now. There was no hallucination about it.

The moon was shining in through the window

on to the door in the kitchen; nothing but the patch of light could be seen. The door was closed. Moir was sleeping, and only the splash of moonlight on that door seemed to be unusual. Yet, still I had the eerie impression that something or someone was trying to reach me.

The latch on the door caught my eye. I gazed at it steadily. The moonlight cast its shadow in long lines on the door. And as I focussed my eyes on it, that long shadow began to move. Slowly, relentlessly, it grew longer and longer, and, paralyzed with astonishment, I sat in the bed stock still.

The latch lifted. The door swung slowly, silently inward, distorting that patch of moonlight until it slipped over the edge of the door into the opening.

our visitor had gone, a storm as bad as Cromwell's death storm, blew up. The trees were lashed like whips, the rain fell in torrents, and the wind blew around the house, droning, droning, just like it droned here tonight. And when I heard that droning I could not help telling you that story. Take it or leave it as you like.

"Well, I for one," spoke up Montucla, "doubt it. There must be some explanation."

"Would you make a wager on it, you two?" broke in Ogston, who had remined silent during the whole story.

"Certainly," I said. "I will stand by what I have to say."

"Yes, but will you bet that there is no explanation of your visitor?"

There, slightly bent, emaciated, scantily clothed, hair straggling over its face, and a look of hate carved in motionless features, was the figure of an Indian.

It moved forward. Not a sound betrayed the action. Like some atmospheric phenomena, a cloud, it seemed to flow across the floor.

Petrified with fear, I could not move or speak. I was paralyzed. With a hopeless, sinking feeling, I saw that spectre come near to the sleeping figure of Moir.

Still slowly, still relentlessly, it raised its hand. There was a butcher knife threatening Moir. My will returned. I yelled.

The hand dropped. As noiselessly, and as slowly, the figure slipped, flowed, out of the room, closing the door behind it.

Moir, wakened by my shout, was on his feet. His gun was in his hand. He rushed at the door, lifted the latch and rushed through the kitchen into the open. I followed him. Three shots broke the silence, and when I got out he was standing with his gun to his shoulder firing into the willows.

"Now, do you believe me?" he muttered, when he saw me. "That is not the first time it has come in like that."

He walked around the house. There was not a single suggestion of our visitor. The soft mud left by the rain bore no imprints. There was no sign whatever of human life.

In the house we lit a candle and examined the floor. In the bedroom there was no sign. In the kitchen there seemed to be nothing. But just by the window there was the single mark of a bare foot on a case. A single footprint, and nothing else.

I did not stay long at the fort. What business I had I hurried through, and urging Moir to report to the H.B.C., left before the week was over.

And that's the story of the ghost. There is nothing more to it. But the same night, after

"I know of no possible one."

"I'll take up the wager," Montucla said.

"Agreed."

"Well, I'll constitute Sinclair judge. If he thinks my explanation is satisfactory, Montucla wins; if he doesn't, you win. And the loser pays for the dinner Mrs. Harmer is getting ready for us now."

The offer was accepted, and Ogston went on with his explanation.

"I used to be in the Keewatin district, as you know, and was in charge of Fort Severn at one time. That was just after the ghost had scared you.

"A party of Indians came into the fort one day, and brought with them the emaciated and unconscious form of Kowtunigan, the Indian who was supposed to have perished when Anokawin came to the post. The Indians had found him near the powder fort, in an unconscious condition, apparently trying to make away with a keg far too large for one man to carry. The man was almost dead. He was insufficiently nourished, and we soon discovered that he was insane. Crazed by the sufferings he had endured that winter, and by the loss of his family, he had gone out of his mind. Believing that the H.B. Company was in some way responsible, he had determined to avenge himself. Hence his attempt to murder Moir. Kowtunigan was the ghost. There is no question of it."

"The judgment is given in favor of Montucla," broke in Sinclair. "I have seen Moir since, and he says himself that Kowtunigan was the figure that he had seen several times."

I bowed gracefully to his decision, and as we walked into the dining-room felt my roll of bills to see if I could pay the wager.

They seated themselves at a table.
"Will you have a little shrimp?" he asked.
"Dear me," she exclaimed, "this is so sudden."

The Land of Silence

A Novel of the Great Northland

By GEORGE RAY, Moose Factory
Author of "Kasba" (White Partridge)

CHAPTER I

Napiokeesick Puts His Foot Down

YORK FACTORY, the scene of our story was, and is even now, the Hudson's Bay Company's headquarters on Hudson Bay. Between Fort York and civilization stretches an immense extent of unexplored country, many

Not because his years of industry at the post had been pleasant or because the old man was happy, had he remained; but because of his wife.

Love of the wilds; the impulse to hunt, to slay, to move freely hither and yon—characteristics handed down to him through the ages by generations of fierce ancestors—was still strong in the old fellow, and he had never reconciled hundred miles long, covered with muskegs, thick woods, broad rivers, heavy rapids and expanded lakes; and in that splendid primitive isolation which barred against venturesome rivals, the Hudson's Bay Company had by the grace of God and a mighty good charter, reigned and carried on its affairs in secret and mystery for more than two centuries.

But at the time to which this story refers, the state was building a railway into the north with Hudson Bay as its objective.

That the work of construction was constantly being held up by the blundering of engineers, the shilly-shallying of governments, and conditions such as insurance and shipping companies attribute to the "hand of God," has no bearing on our tale. For it is not a history of the railway, but without that railway building in the near distance our story would scarcely be possible.

Sufficient, then, to say an army of skilled and unskilled men was scattered along the right-of-way from the rail-head to Hudson Bay, making surveys and doing the hundred-and-one things that such men are called upon to do in advance of a new railway. The brave old days of solitude and isolation were over, a new era had begun.

There was to be a railway! No more dog-skinners! No more voyageurs! A railway was to bring the north in touch with civilization! Governments had decreed it!

At a distance of some few hundred yards from the Hudson's Bay Company's palisade at York there was a lop-sided log shack with moss-grown and sagging roof. It had evidently been in ruinous condition for years. Yet it was inhabited the morning on which we make its acquaintance, as a spiral of blue smoke rising from the length of stove pipe which projected at an acute angle from the roof testified. Moreover, if further proof were necessary, the sounds of guttural voices from within were ample corroboration.

The shack sheltered one ***Napiokeesick*** and his family. ***Napiokeesick***—which is Indian for "sky-man"—was an old native long past usefulness as a trapper, but one whose fingers were still more than ordinarily clever in manufacturing the numerous "country-made" articles constantly required at the post; so he had been kept back to minister to the necessities of the place while the other Indians had been outfitted and sent about their business. This had happened a good many years before our story opens and in all that time the old fellow had resided with his family in the decrepit old shack.

himself to the civilized sort of life he was leading at the post. Indeed, for his own part he would not have endured it for one winter; but there was, as I have already said, his wife; she was indolent and fond of warmth and a full stomach, and preferred remaining at York Factory, where rations were assured, to a promiscuous life in the wilderness. And small blame to her.

Moreover, she was some twenty years her husband's junior, and although he fancied himself master in his own house the woman knew it to be different.

Their only child, their daughter ***Ne-ka-moos***, "Little Song," was a girl about eighteen years of age, tall and slight and very pretty—and she had no need to be told so. As a natural consequence of this she always attired herself in the best that the store could furnish and, as she invariably paid for the things out of her wages as servant to Mrs. MacDonald, the Chief Factor's wife, and her father never made any particular objection to it, she dressed well and "put on airs" and had notions much above her station; all of which the old man, rather too late, tried to remedy.

The mother, ***A-me-quan-iss***, meaning "Little Spoon," on the contrary built upon this all her hopes for the future. She was ambitious for her daughter, of whom she was immensely vain, and had taken it into her head that the girl should marry someone other than an Indian.

That was the idea uppermost in the woman's mind, her one purpose in life; and in this resolve she had one eye on the future as it affected her own position. For Napiokeesick was very old and even in the natural course of events was not good for many years in this world. She feared she would be relegated back to the Indian tribe—that is, unless she was successful in her ambition for her daughter.

And it is easy to be imagined, entertaining these notions, what an influence the woman had exerted over her daughter's mind. The old Indian husband, without perceiving it, lost ground daily; the woman had for some time had the upper hand.

It was early December. The sun had dropped below the horizon, supper was over at the post, the dishes washed, the kitchen swept and the girl ***Ne-ka-moos*** walking slowly and with sullen demeanor towards her father's hut. Her father had found means to communicate to her that he wished some conversation with her before she retired, and knowing what was in store, ***Ne-ka-moos*** did not hasten to meet it. Easily as she could manage her mother, she still feared her father's wrath.

Certainly she was very pretty—in truth a dusky little beauty. Her tresses, now covered with a gaily colored silk handkerchief, which formed a picturesque and not unbecoming head-gear, were raven black. Her mahogany-tinted face was a fine specimen of the oval; her features straight and regular; brows exquisitely pencilled; and her large, black but mellow eyes flashed a look that fluttered the heart.

Her mouth was small, lips full and vividly red, chin finely rounded. She possessed a refinement rarely found in one of her race, and carried her slight figure with a noble poise and dainty grace. But at this moment there was

with me and get the missionary at the place to marry us quietly. My father would storm, of course, but he couldn't *un-marry* us."

The girl studied her lover's face with a keen and searching gaze while he was speaking, then dropped her eyes without replying. At last she said in a low voice without drawing away from his embrace:

"Oh, if I could only trust you! But you will be fair with me, won't you?"

"Of course you can trust me," replied the young man, impressing a kiss upon her unresisting lips. "You know how much I love you."

dainty grace. But at this moment there was a hard, cross, almost sullen look about her which robbed her countenance of all its pleasantness.

With darkened brow and head bowed thoughtfully, she sauntered along. Presently she shook her head and said to herself in a low voice—and peculiarly enough she spoke in English, and her pronunciation was remarkably pure.—

"No, I will not marry him. He is a good hunter, but nothing more. I shall never marry an *Indian*, to pitch his wigwam, cut and carry his wood and slave for him from morning till night! It is not for this I have learned so much. I want something better. If father is angry and scolds, I know mother will take my part, and oh!" she cried, with difficulty supressing a scream, as suddenly a hand was passed round her waist and a coaxing voice asked her most tenderly:

"Well, my pretty *Ne-ka-moos!* what were you thinking of?"

"Oh, Master Alec!" cried the girl, trying to free herself from his embrace. "Where did you come from? I did not see you; you really frightened me."

"I was standing in the willows," replied Alex MacDonald, the Chief Factor's son, with a laugh, "and saw you coming down the track. It must have been something of great importance you were settling, for your face was very stern. What was it?"

"My father wishes me to marry *Was-tay-win*, ('Light')" said the girl gravely, studying his face as if watching the effect of her words.

"The deuce he does! But you won't. You *will* refuse, won't you?"

"Refuse! Why?"

"For my sake."

The girl turned her beautiful eyes full upon him and there was flashing coquetry in their dark depths.

"For your sake? You can't marry me!" The girl's eyes flashed provocatively.

"Why do you say that?" said the young man sharply, a deep flush stealing over his face. "Some day my father will give me charge of a post and then I can easily take you off

you."

"Be careful, my father will see you," said the girl in a sudden alarm, casting a timid glance in the direction of the hut.

"And you won't consent—you won't marry that fellow *Was-tay-win?*" urged Alec, kissing her again.

"I am afraid of my father," said the girl, looking down.

"Never mind him; he can't eat you. Tell him you won't do this thing, and some day soon you will be my good little wife, won't you?"

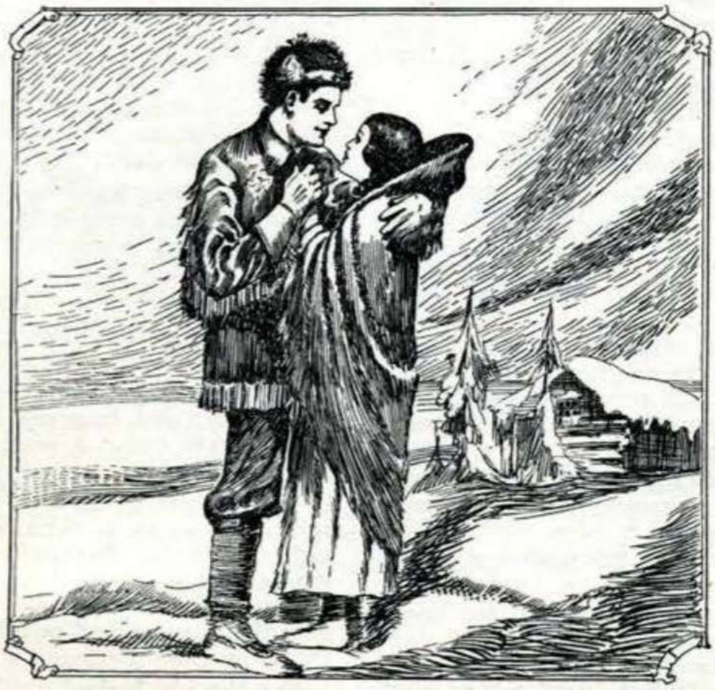
While saying this his lips again approached hers. Little Song receiving his kiss and tearing herself from his arms fairly ran the rest of the way to her father's hut.

Alec MacDonald followed the girl with his eyes as long as she was within sight, then with a satisfied smile he sat down on a log close by, whistled a few notes and at last said half aloud:

"A precious pretty girl; a bit flighty, perhaps, but I think I can manage her. I must be careful though."

Meanwhile, with flushed cheeks and trembling with excitement, *Ne-ka-moos* entered her father's abode. In the centre of the room a huge heater was roaring fiercely and the humid smell of drying garments filled the room. Littered about the stove were articles of footwear, thrown down, no doubt, by their owners as they changed them for others that were dry. On a short line overhead between blackened beams were other articles of clothing dangling and drying. A whale-oil lamp, which badly needed snuffing, threw dismal shadows all around the room. In the darkest of these, without uttering a word, the girl took a seat and with arms on knees and head in hands sat gazing steadfastly at the floor, waiting for her father to go forward with the business that had brought her there.

Squatting on her haunches a few feet away was *Amiquaniss*, a woman of sober forty, with a broad, healthy face and bodily dimensions that plainly owed their



"My father wishes me to marry Wastaywin," said the girl gravely, studying his face.

origin to something more substantial than the promiscuous fare of the ordinary Indian. As her daughter entered the woman looked up and opened her mouth as if to speak but fell into silence, and after a swift glance at her husband bent once more over the work she had in hand. *Napiokeesick*, old, gnarled and angular, with overhanging brows, wrinkled visage and piercing black eyes, sat near the stove smoking his pipe. The black eyes of the old man searched his

"I will not marry him," said Little Song, with a sudden display of spirit, rising and walking toward her father, who looked at her with the utmost surprise. "Marry him to live half starved, in a filthy wigwam, and bear children and slave for the rest of my days. No! no! no! I will *not* marry him! I want to marry a white man and live in a house. If you try to force me to take *Wastaywin*, you must blame yourself for the consequences." She confronted daughter for some minutes in silence; then, as if perceiving her excited and breathless condition, he said in Cree:

"You are warm. What has been going on?"

"I ran most of the way, and got heated," replied Little Song, without lifting her eyes. "It is a warm night."

"Oh, indeed!" said the old man, looking at his daughter rather suspiciously.

Then there was silence for nearly two minutes before he spoke again.

"You got my message?"

"Yes."

Still the girl did not raise her head or look at him.

"Well, I have seen *Chee-poos-kis* ("Sharp Features") today; he says *Wastayin* will be in shortly and wants the wedding to take place then. What shall I tell him?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?" echoed the old man, whom the reply seemed to bewilder.

"I told you before that I do not want to marry. I am too young. I must wait."

"Wait—wait!" growled the father, casting an angry glance at his daughter. "It is always *wait!* Why wait? I suppose you want to wait 'till you are old and toothless, or maybe you think one of the Company's servants will come and ask for you. That's it, eh? That's what comes of letting you work in the master's kitchen. I wish I had never let you enter that house. What have you got against *Wastaywin?*"

The girl did not answer.

"What have you got against him?" her father demanded once more. "He is a good hunter, and has a canoe and a gun!"

"I do not fancy him," said the girl in a low tone, throwing an appealing glance at her mother, whose silence puzzled and surprised her; for she did not know that the subject had already been the cause of a spirited verbal combat between her parents that day and that in the end, strange to say, her father had come off victor.

"Don't *fancy* him! cried the old man with intense indignation. "Not fancy him? Oh, that is it. You are too fine and grand, eh? Your mother has turned your silly head and stuffed it with vanity."

"You had best leave me out of it," his wife informed him angrily, raising her head and flashing a furious glance at him.

Napiokeesick looked at her savagely, then continued:

"It is all your mother's fault, putting such notions into your head. You think that you are too fine to marry an Indian! Yet, pray what are your parents? But I will put an end to this nonsense," the old man shouted, "you shall marry *Wastaywin.*"

him with mutinous eyes.

"I am not afraid of consequences," replied the determined old man, taking his pipe out of his mouth and pointing it toward the daughter. "I'll run the risk. You shall marry *Wastaywin.*"

"No she shall not, if she does not want to," exclaimed *Amiquaniss*, unable to restrain herself any longer, and rising to her feet she faced her husband angrily.

"Be still—you," snapped the man. A dreadful anger was in his tone.

"I will *not* be still," returned the woman, and her eyes flashed defiantly. "I am her mother and should have something to say about this."

A scene now commenced between husband and wife the like of which the girl had never before witnessed; for in conjugal crises *Napiokeesick*, as has been intimated, usually yielded to his wife. In this instance, however, he was adamant.

He was a kind-hearted man, and would never have thought of forcing his child to marry a man she did not like but the resistance of his wife and daughter worked him into such a passion that he declared *Nekamoos* must marry the Indian. His wife was subdued and sank down on her haunches again while she resorted to her last weapon—tears.

Frightened and on the verge of weeping, Little Song fled from the shack to return to the post, for she "slept in." She was hastening along the track when she suddenly heard the sound of crunching snow near her, and the Factor's son once more stood before her.

"Well?" he questioned, scrutinising her face closely.

"Oh, let me go; don't stop me," explaimed the girl with fear, " if father saw you he would make a great fuss. He is in a fearful rage."

"Bah! What harm can he do *me*," replied the young man arrogantly, drawing her towards him and not meeting with any resistance.

"Don't," said *Nekamoos*, trying to free herself from his embrace. "Oh, let me go—please!"

"You haven't promised to marry that fellow?" Alec asked roughly, releasing her.

"No—no, no," exlaimed the girl in great excitement, and bursting into tears. "I hate him—I hate him. I would throw myself into the river first!"

"There will be no need for you to do that," said Alec, trying to calm her. "Don't let your father force you to consent. Wait a little while longer. In a few weeks, perhaps any day, my father will put me in charge of a post and then—why then, things will be all right with us, won't they?"

But the girl looked dubious. She shook her head slowly, thoughtfully; her eyes scanning his face as if to divine what was really going on

behind that pink countenance. Evidently she was not quite sure of his sincerity.

"I don't know," she demurred with a sigh.

The thought of one day becoming the wife of this young man and the mistress of one of the Company's outposts was tempting enough to

feel her yielding body against his breast. Her fresh, wild beauty intoxicated him. His brain reeled.

"You are mine—mine," he whispered, his voice husky with passion.

There followed minutes of which he took no

Little Song. It tickled her vanity greatly.

But she was very shrewd in her way and it was a strain on credulity to believe this possible. Moreover, she was very wide awake to her danger. Like every young girl of her tribe and race, Little Song was accustomed to hearing the love affairs of her associates and neighbors talked of, and that, too, without any special delicacy.

There now crept into her mind a distrust of her own position, a fear of this dissolute young man's warm attentions. But the red-lipped Alex was "good" in her eyes. She desired him greatly. Blood was hot in this young wild creature. Her desire for the man of her choice was stronger than her fear of the probable consequences; and yet this fear had sufficient strength just now to stifle the call of nature for the moment and prompted her to add: "We are doing wrong."

"Wrong?" The ardent young wooer laughed aloud.

Little Song raised her eyes to his in a swimming glance the power of which she could hardly have understood.

With a sudden passion he caught her in his arms. Then nature reasserted herself in the young girl. Doubts, fears, went drifting away on the wind and the warm-hearted Little Song clung to her lover with abandonment. He could count and then of a sudden the girl drew away from him.

"Listen!" she whispered hoarsely.

Alex almost held his breath as he strained his ears to listen. Only a few yards away he could hear the slight swish, swish, swish of someone moving stealthily in the bushes. In another instant the figure of a man emerged from the willows at a few paces from them.

For a moment Alex stood staring. The moon was just rising but the uncertain light which it threw over the track, broken by shadows, did not enable him to make out who the intruder was. Nor did he pause to ascertain; he feared it was the girl's father, and despite his brave words of a few minutes before, he precipitated himself into the willows and was gone in a flash.

At this instant the figure sprang forward with the ferocity of a tiger.

It was her father!

"So!" shouted *Napiokeesick*, "it is you, Alec, son of Kitche Ogemo, who is behaving thus with my daughter; bringing disgrace upon my head. With mine own eyes have I seen it. Evil one!" he shouted, shaking his fists in the direction in which Alec had gone, and gnashing his teeth, "Evil one! Beware!"

It was well for Alec that he had not remained.

(To be continued)

The Question of the Future

If you could solve the great question of the future you would probably organize your life along far different lines.

LEAVE GUESSWORK TO FOOLS

Because you are well today, and are able to earn a good living for your wife and family, is no indication of how you will be a year from now. You can't afford to gamble with the welfare of your family as the stake. No matter what happens to you, their future should be made secure.

LIFE INSURANCE IS YOUR SAFETY

Not every man is able to make a fortune during his life time. But every man in good health can protect his family with life insurance. This message has a definite meaning to you. Don't pass it by! Make an appointment with the Great-West Life Agent.

The Great-West Life Assurance Company
Dept. "D.30" Head Office: WINNIPEG

THE INDIANS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

Customs of the Coast Tribes as Observed Early in the 19th Century

By AN HUDSON'S BAY FUR TRADE OFFICER

WHEN the great British companies arrived on this coast, the Indian was in his natural wild state, more like animal than human. Might ruled. An Indian chief did not recognize the right of anyone to say nay to his whims or commands, and as there was more than one chief in each tribe whose greatness had to be maintained through potlatch or destruction of property, one can realize what chaos might be caused by the most trifling misunderstanding.

The aborigine's mind was that of a child's, but his physical development being normal, instead of a few scratches that a child might inflict, he was capable of doing considerable damage.

The saving grace in his character was that every wrong, or fancied wrong, could be settled at once by simply doing homage to the wronged.

I have heard it said that "an Indian never forgets." My experience is that that statement should be qualified by adding to it, "unless the wrong has been paid for," because just so soon as you pay an Indian for the wrong or fancied wrong he is ready to take you in his arms, attend your feasts and dances and carry on like a brother.

Should you refuse to pay, not only he, but every individual of his clan, will never forget to try for revenge at the very first opportunity, nor do they care whether the revenge is had on the perpetrator himself, but will vent their hatred on a kinsman or any of his clan.

Perhaps I had better explain that while the customs of all Indians are much alike, there are cases where important differences may be noted.

For example, the majority of tribes hand down hereditary orders from the female side, but there are tribes who hand them down from father to son, just as we do. This last class is very noticeably the most moral, while the tribes handing down to nephews are those who have several wives; the very fact of this hereditary scheme is an admittance that they always know who the mother is, but never know who the father is, because on the most trivial excuse the woman is thrown out and another one taken. Again, many tribes are not allowed by their customs to marry into their own clan, yet there are some who will not allow their women to marry outside of their clan, and the consequence is anything but helpful to their physical development.

In one district the sun dance is customary when a young man becomes a brave, while in others the young man becomes a wolf or bear during the ceremony, but in every case he goes either through extreme torture or causes someone else to suffer torture. In the sun dance, wooden toggles tied on ropes attached to a pole in the centre of the dance circle, like a maypole, are inserted in slits cut in the breast, and the dance goes on until these toggles are torn out.

When the young man becomes an animal he must stay in the bush for days and when he returns he must be like a madman, biting mouthfuls of flesh out of the first person he meets, and the more he does of this the greater man he becomes.

If the one he thus bites is a man, he must be paid for his suffering, but if it happens to be a woman, no pay is necessary, because in their eyes all women are slaves.

The fur companies were not missionaries, and while they endeavored to keep law and order, their commercial interests had to be first considered, so that they were anxious to welcome the missionary at their forts, realizing that their trade could be carried on to better advantage, and with more safety to themselves, under the Christian rule than under the Indian rule.

The Indians tributary to the trade at Fort Simpson were those from Queen Charlotte Sound to Takyu, but of course, those from the neighbouring district were most in evidence—Skeena River, Naas River and Queen Charlotte Island, all excepting the Hydas being originally from the same band, named Tsimpshean. One would naturally expect to find the greatest harmony amongst them, but such was not the case. Seldom were there more than two or three clans on peace terms. Hence it was extremely difficult for the fur trader to do business satisfactorily when the store was situated at any particular tribe's village, so that it was not long after the Hudson's Bay Company established at Naas in 1831 until they realized that while Naas was the greatest food depot on the coast, and central as to location, it was not suitable for their business, so they looked around to find a location that would be central yet not belonging to any one tribe. McLaughlin Bay was selected, the Post at Naas pulled down, and rebuilt in 1834, and then named Fort Simpson, and it was estimated that 30,000 Indians were tributary to its trade, so that we cannot wonder at this point being selected as the site for the labours of the first missionary to be sent out from England to work on this coast.

On the first of October, 1857, a young man—Mr. Duncan—arrived on the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer "Otter" to establish a mission for the Church Missionary Society of England, and as it was not safe to live outside the fort walls he was provided for inside the fort. Ten days after his arrival he held his first service in the mess room, and on the 22nd adopted a half-breed boy in order to obtain assistance in learning the language and help in teaching school. On the 23rd he opened a night school for the men inside the fort and also started a course of lectures three times a week on different subjects to improve the minds of the men.

On 13th June, 1858, or eight months after his arrival, Mr. Duncan had so mastered the Tsimpshean language that he was able for the first time to preach to the Indians at their encampment and in their own tongue.

Mr. Duncan soon decided that the interior of the fort walls was not suited to his purpose, so he commenced to put up buildings outside for his accommodation. While building a schoolhouse one of the Indians dropped dead while carrying logs from the beach to the building site.

I have already told you that there were never excuses for trouble with these Indians provided their demands are satisfied, and, I find, on the advice of the Company's officials, Mr. Duncan paid six blankets and twelve yards of cotton to the dead man's relatives in full settlement.

There were several other disputes with the Indians who tried to obstruct the completion of the building, but eventually it was finished and occupied by the girls in the afternoon and boys in the evening. But when potlatching and medicine ceremonies were going on in the village, Mr. Duncan was compelled to close his school. To give an idea of his struggles I quote an entry from the Fort Simpson journal, dated 18th August, 1859:

> "Cushval got drunk and broke all the windows and doors in Mr. Duncan's schoolhouse."

There appear also entries complaining of Mr. Duncan's action in trying to prevent some Indians leaving Fort Simpson on Sunday afternoon so as to get to Works Canal ready to start work taking out logs on Monday morning, and also of his protesting strongly against a small trading schooner leaving the harbour on Sunday when the wind was fair, so that we can safely assume that Mr. Duncan not only did his best to convert the natives but used all the influence he had to improve the morals and observance of the Sabbath amongst the few whites stationed there.

Mr. Duncan was a marvel, and from what I know of him I do not believe a better man could have been selected by the Missionary Society to undertake the great task of organizing the missions of the coast. His plan was to establish a central point from which he would supervise several other smaller places, and in order to show why he could not make Fort Simpson his central, point I will quote one entry in the Simpson journal to show that perhaps his greatest handicap was the heathen influence at a point where Indians from all quarters congregated. There are numerous cases cited of cannibalism, slave kidnapping, and rowdyism, but this one will answer my purpose:

> "The Sibassa Indians had today a grand ceremony, though to us a most disgusting one. It began in the following manner: The body of a man who died was carried to the bush. Instantly one of their principal chiefs commenced devouring his remains. When the monster had

(To be continued)

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